THE COMMONWEAL

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MARYLAND, OUR MARYLAND

LIKE the gardener in Shakespeare's play, who planted immortelles "for the remembrance of a weeping queen," humanity returns year after year to the memory of the unforgettable days of its common pain or rejoicing. And so we celebrate once again the coming of Lord Baltimore to Maryland on March 25, 1634.

The Calvert Associates, acting in harmony with several other organizations, are this year sponsoring notable commemorative programs in a number of cities. At Baltimore, Governor Albert C. Ritchie; the British Ambassador, Sir Esmé Howard; Dr. Peter Guilday, of the Catholic University; and Reverend John La Farge, S.J., are to address a representative and distinguished throng which will include many leaders of the state and nation. At Chicago, the Honorable David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, will deliver the principal message to a gathering of prominent citizens; and, in conjunction with other places, Norwalk, Connecticut, and New York City, will witness the beginnings of a movement to make "Calvert Day" an outstanding American occasion. When the centennial year of 1934 has arrived, the way should have been prepared for the proper observance of an occasion which is vitally important to the patriotic consciousness of every American citizen.

It is a vitally important occasion because it is a symbol of unity and common purpose. Not limited to a few or to particular coteries, it concerns the nation and, to some extent, all mankind, because it observes the coming of that beautiful vision which we call religious peace. It underscores the immovable American conviction that liberty means, first of all, freedom to worship, in whatever way is dictated by conscience, the Maker who placed the sceptre of choice in the hands of man. In the upbuilding of our national life there have been numberless clashes between Catholic and Protestant opinion; but here, in Maryland, the two coöperated in a reasonable manner which must have had its weight with the strong, observant statesmen who, after the close of the Revolution, created the fundamental law of the land. This Catholic opinion, it is also well to remember, was neither ante-colonial nor immigrant opinion. It was part of the infant consciousness of the American people; and transmitted as it was to subsequent generations in Kentucky, Illinois, and elsewhere, it may proudly claim whatever patrician title is granted to the outlook of the earliest pioneers. Maryland, therefore, was not a passing, temporary experiment. It was a lesson to be borne in mind.

There are peaks in the historical landscape formed by the Calverts which dominate time. With the sea

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behind them, the colonists, under the leadership of their chaplain, and mindful that their landing was on the feast of the tidings brought to Mary, "erected a trophy to Christ, the Saviour, humbly reciting on our bended knees the litanies of the Sacred Cross." Fittingly enough, this chaplain's blood was akin to that of Sir Thomas More; and the splendid hopes of Utopia were not strange to his company, who felt convinced that even the Indians "would become eminent observers of virtue and humanity," and who wrote into the laws of their colony the luminous words: "Bee it, therefore, ordained and enacted that no person or persons whatsoever within this province shall from henceforth be any waies troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof."

These were men who aimed at the future with arrows of gold. Their aspiration was genuinely that of a community governed affectionately, where all the harassed might find room. And if, in the later history of the colony, the statutes of tolerance were disregarded, the fault is attributable neither to Lord Baltimore nor to his partly Protestant company, but to a group of invading dictatorial covenanters whose spirit is still active in American life, to destroy the handiwork of legitimate freedom and to impose the fury of chaotic edicts. One may say, indeed, that the attitude with which Lord Baltimore approached the rule of his colony was that of the nearly contemporary Shakespeare's benignant Prospero; and it was his fate to see the temporary triumph of Caliban and Trinculo, disguised in righteous raiment.

Yes, the story of early Maryland is an idyl which makes a point. We have spoken elsewhere of the conclusions to which a careful student of colonial government, Mr. Breckinridge Long, arrives: "The inhabitants of Maryland entertained certain ideas of what were rights; and in striving for the attainment of those rights, they, partly through their own initiative, partly through the magnanimity of their proprietary, did take certain steps and did adopt certain forms which were expressions of public sentiment of that day and which molded the public opinion of a later day, and to which the forms and spirit of the Constitution of 1787 are partly traceable." The remembrance of this early realization of our best republican ideals is salutary. Without attempting to belittle the fine governmental vigor of primitive Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, or even Massachusetts, we can go back, all of us, with common pride to the gravestones of our Maryland civic forefathers, knowing they would understand our vision of what America might be, because they had themselves entertained it.

For the day has passed when the mention of Maryland was a signal for partisan controversy. We recall the simple old colony now as a kind of image symbolizing our permanent conviction that, whatever other goals may be set for American culture, this one must abide—the courageous, permanent guarantee of religious freedom. There an assembly of citizens decreed, for the first time in the history of their race, that persecution was not the normal function of the state or a majority. Do we still agree with them? Are we as ready as they were to get on urbanely with the spiritual individualisms of our neighbors? Perhaps the answer is not so resonantly affirmative as it might be. The everlasting covenanter reappears in strange guises. Subtle forms of political recrimination are, of course, to be expected—forms of prejudice which make capital of differences in creed.

A far more vital and menacing issue is at stake in the contemporary battle for the mastery of education and public morals. That the issue should have arisen is not wholly the fault of prejudice. The churches are agencies legitimately entitled to their share of control over these matters: they cannot be indifferent to the environment in which their work is done, for the obvious reason that they are concerned with character; they cannot disregard public moral lawlessness if they are to profess any genuine anxiety about individual moral lawlessness. Prejudice can and does, however, befog the way in which the work to be done is undertaken. There has been not even a glimpse of sanity in the long-continued antagonism to parochial schools, not to mention a reasoned grasp of the limits of one's own business. There is danger of a very real sort in the present effort to turn public education into a program shaped and enforced by one mind, one group, one egregiously presumptive clique of moral bosses. We need to guard against these varied attacks upon decent liberalism, if only because it is a sacred duty to preserve a civic ideal as old as our concept of nationhood. But we must also analyze the underlying public moral problem in a spirit of amity and mutual respect, arriving thus at a stage of closer resemblance to Maryland and its rule of peace.

"Calvert Day" is important, therefore, not simply because it commemorates a "beau geste" of an olden time; but also because it can be a rallying point for those spiritual forces which wish to deal with the needs of American life without marring the integrity of American civic generosity. It can be a day on which most of us will be reassured that we are right about one thing—the truth that stupid, subterranean knifing of each other, for reasons of religious difference, is not the proper method for achieving the spiritual regeneration of our country. It can be a salutary morning for certain kinds of darkness. You may estimate the meaning of Maryland's remembrance best, possibly, if you consider the things which that remembrance can never conjure up. It will never recall the ruthless dominion of bigotry, nor the brutal disregard of the privileges of intelligence, nor the ban into exile of dissenting minorities. For all these are goblins of the night—and Maryland's place is immemorably in the sun.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THESE are hours of acidic test for the League of Nations, the rise of which as a barometer of European idealism has been observed with so much generous confidence. Doubtless the compromise of delay, arranged by men trained by five years of practice in political juggling, will avert the scandal of an open break. But there are many who feel that the quarrels and gestures of the past few weeks are of such bad augury that it is a question whether all the evil its enemies could wish the League is not already accomplished. When the mere problem of seating the body is straining its existence to the breaking point, is there more than a scant, beggarly assurance that national jealousies will not speak the final word about international decisions? And we are asked to believe that the existing alignment against Germany is the result of a secret Locarno agreement in which Sir Austen Chamberlain agreed to support, together with France, the aspirations of Poland to obtain a permanent seat in the League Council. The better instructed profess to see here the sinister outlines of policies already pigeon-holed in the chancelleries, whose authors are far less concerned with the justice of their cause than with fixing the jury that will some day be called upon to try them.

IT would seem more reasonable, however, to see in the present Geneva turmoil another phase of the battle to preserve or alter the status quo guaranteed by the Treaty of Versailles. Locarno was to some extent a new settlement, but the profits which Germany expected to derive from it were dependent entirely upon what should be done with reference to a problem still left open—the problem of Poland and the Little Entente in general. And in order to guarantee a solution of this amenable to her own prestige, it is likely enough that France took steps to stack the League cards when Germany should sit down to play. The manoeuver—if there actually was one—developed in the dark, though Germany must to some extent have been aware of it. But by refusing to take cognizance of it, by coming to the League with her intentions uninvolved in stealthy dickering, the German representatives gain a moral advantage which is both immense and very important. They are right, if public agreements such as those signed at Locarno amount to anything. And even those who prefer to see a Franco-Polish entente powerful in Europe, must concede that its present international conduct is hostile to the spirit for which the League has stood.

WE have commented previously upon the possible motives which induced Sir Austen Chamberlain to support the policy of France. It may not be out of place to add here that a great deal of the confusion now visible in Geneva is the result of the abstention of the United States. The League was conceived in a chastened spirit, and while the countries of the entente were still under the spell of the common danger which had drawn them together. Three of the four powers which legislated themselves into permanence were those upon whose good will the nations freshly formed by the treaties of peace were absolutely dependent. The fourth was exacting a price for its forbearance during the critical period when the entry of America was still a doubtful factor—a price that had to be paid. But it is clear that British calculations were all based upon America's participation in the work of post-war settlement; and her refusal has had an effect which it is not exaggeration to describe as disruptive. This is all the more so as it is evident that, present or absent in the person of its representative, the opinion of the great American republic will have to be taken into account in every decision arrived at. Therefore, not even the present battle for prestige can be decided with finality without a careful reference to what is thought of the protagonists in the United States; and the outcome may very well depend upon what we care to announce is our collective attitude.

THE existing fierce discussion of United States waterways should, at least, result in definite action. Speaking in Chicago, Secretary Hoover professed to see a solution for mid-western transportation ills in the steady development first of the Mississippi waterway, and secondly in the finding of a seaward route for Great Lakes vessels. That the federal government is ready to expend $20,000,000 next year upon the Mississippi system is proof at least that the seri-

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ousness of the existing traffic jam is realized. Time was when the old river was black with vessels and rich with varied cargoes; and its decay must be attributed in large measure to the inadequate channel, to indifference toward the South American markets, and to the stress laid upon railway expansion. The Mississippi will never be a complete system, however, until it has been linked with the Great Lakes. Ancient controversies about how this should be done have waxed hot and heavy, but they probably never reached the intensity of the quarrel now going on between the Lake states which believe that diversion of water into a canal would mean the drying up of their harbors, and the states farther south which look forward to the digging of such a canal as to a kind of economic millennium. As the Supreme Court is hearing the evidence bearing upon water diversion, comment must be reserved until the decision is handed down. Obviously, however, a problem so important must be settled with a view to what will be national rather than sectional advantage. It is difficult to estimate at present if the Illinois canal project would benefit a larger area than it would bring disadvantage to.

MUCH less open to question is the proposed eastward sea-route. The effort expended during recent years to interest the public in financing a Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway seemed to meet with considerable success. It is true that the cost of the enterprise could not be estimated accurately, nor has it been possible to pin the Canadian government to definite commitments. But in spite of all these financial and juridical snags, Chicago was really looking forward hopefully to the inevitable coming of a waterway which would have made her, beyond any question, the most gigantic port in the world. Now, suddenly, there appears a challenging alternative to the system thus far sponsored. In proposing to turn over its Ontario-Hudson River canal to the federal government for use as a waterway reconstructed to carry ocean-going vessels, the state of New York is open to two charges. It can be accused of trying to dump a venture which has never been a financial success; and it may be suspected of an attempt to steal some of what promised to be mid-western easy pickings. But the proposal is of such importance that it must not be shrouded in facile suspicions before being carefully investigated.

ENGINEERS agree that the cost of construction is likely to be about the same in both cases, but they have relied upon obtaining Canadian aid in the completion of the St. Lawrence project. The New York canal is "all American": its construction would involve no other discussion than that which could be settled more or less easily in Congress. It has been endorsed for military reasons by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, who observe that an international water-route is governed by the provisions of neutrality in the case of war. Apparently this is the strongest argument yet urged by those who oppose the venture upon which Chicago has staked its hopes. We think that the decision rests to a large extent upon what stand is taken by the Canadian government in the near future; and if neither Ontario nor Quebec proves eager to coöperate, events will impose the building of a canal alternative to the one in which they were to have a share. At all events, discussion will stir the public to a larger recognition of traffic problems. As Secretary Hoover said to his Chicago audience, "a quarter of a century hence we shall have 40,000,000 more people in the United States. Our railways and their terminals would need to be enormously expanded to care for these future Americans, and we can obtain much of these added facilities at much less capital outlay and operate at less cost." In other words, our country is ripe for the same kind of development as that which has made the Rhine one of the busiest and most coveted traffic routes on earth.

THOSE who believe it desirable that a larger number of Americans should be tillers and owners of farms, will note with satisfaction that the state of Texas reports a gain of 30,387 farms during the five years antecedent to the census of 1925. A further vast increase is predicted by the announcement that "a dozen of the biggest ranches in southwest Texas, comprising about 5,000,000 acres, will be cut up into farms, and one of the greatest colonization campaigns ever put on will be waged to bring in farmers and settlers." This campaign can derive excellent advertising copy from the records of the Santa Fé railroad, which indicate that the gain in number of carloads of grain shipped from the "Panhandle" during the past few years, has been about 3,000 annually. All in all, statistics seem to favor the agricultural expansion of the Southwest on a grand scale; and though they are merely statistics, they have a very real human interest for many who yearn to get away from the grind of industry and to find both independence and fresh air.

BUT is there an illusion in the sales talk—a something which the average American calls a "nigger in the woodpile"? The current news letter of the National City Bank of New York reprints, together with comment and refutation, certain pessimistic statements from men engaged in western farming. One of these, writing from Colorado, declares that "we have reached a point where the abandonment of old ground each year offsets the new. There is always someone coming into the country thinking he knows more about farming than the fellow who just left. Any banker or business man who tries to encourage new people to get into farming (or those who are in, to increase their operations) is doing more harm than good to agriculture." Undoubtedly there is much of sense in this declaration. Considering the risks assumed by

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the farmer, it is extremely hazardous for him to gamble for advances in the price of land equivalent to those which were realized a generation ago. Meanwhile, the civic upbuilding of a new territory brings with it inevitable taxation burdens for schools, roads, governments, and churches. The final result is a migratory farm population, which drifts back and forth, not infrequently ending in pauperism.

THE National City Bank is, nevertheless, inclined to view the situation optimistically. It is justified in believing that state and federal aid in the development of agriculture is a support which no other industrial enterprise receives. The farmer, if he is at all inured to the methods of his task and willing to learn more, can find much that is really valuable in the service offered by agricultural colleges, government bureaus, and federal banks. Unfortunately enough, the rural mind is abidingly individualistic. It falls an easy prey to disastrous collective experiments, such as the "state coöperative" so appallingly mismanaged by the officials of North Dakota. It is victimized by combines which act as middlemen between the fields and the public. And so, if one is to venture a conclusion from evidence as fragmentary as that here considered, it would seem that American agriculture will develop normally and not dwindle in proportion with industry, if those who serve the farmer can succeed in demonstrating the common character and needs of life in the country.

ARE the Vigilantes staging ghostly promenades on Telegraph Hill? One must suppose that the sight of General Butler, rousing sleepy San Diego into a frenzy of astonishment by his violation of hospitality in the interests of prohibition, would be too much for even them. The General is unintelligible. His fine record leaves us helpless to account for an inquisitorial venture so useless and so unmanly as his two-footed pouncing upon his military host. Perhaps the ghostly Vigilantes would try to explain it on the assumption that it is a hang-over from the General's venture into civil life. But they might well be thrilled at the casting into prison of all those who came to initiate San Franciscoans into the scabrous views of Eugene O'Neill's Desire Under the Elms. There is something to be said for a city which takes the problem of dramatic morality seriously. Time was when the hills surrounding the Barbary Coast were notorious for spiritual levity; and it is hopeful to note that the faults of the fathers have spurred the children unto heated regeneration. But we think the progress is a little too rapid when the San Francisco customs officer decides to refuse admission to a copy of Ovid's Amores. The Abbot of Sous-Coucy, in his humble mediaeval way, declares that one of the great aberrations of his life was a fondness for this work. That he parted company with it is entirely to his credit. But even the Abbot hardly insisted that the book should be denied citizenship, knowing, as he did, that it had been of some usefulness to poets and other persons of a similar secondary importance. Perhaps the customs officer, awed by the promenading Vigilantes, forgot that there are bards among their number, and other queer folk who love the flavor of Latinity.

THAT overtures on the part of the Klan to "come over and help their Protestant brethren in benighted Canada" have been in progress for some time, is no great secret. It would have been something outside the order of nature if the sight of a community of over three million souls, of un-Nordic race, un-Protestant faith, and favoring beverages other than coffee and coca-cola as an accompaniment to their meals, had acted as anything less than a challenge to the bigotry that has been allowed to attain such a rank and luxuriant growth south of the Great Lakes and the forests. The reception the Klan proffer of services has met on the part of those bodies who might have been expected to lend a compliant ear, is discouraging and rather final. The Wesleyan, which is the official organ of the new union of "Free Churches" in Canada, does not even take the trouble to be polite. "It has been said that this order in Canada has nothing in common with the order in the United States. . . . In principle, it is exactly the same. And its whispering campaign against the French Canadian and the Roman Catholic is just as miserable as any campaign waged in the United States. This is a mere prostitution of religion. Let us draw this slimy monster out into the open and slay it before it becomes full-grown." The dragons and cyclops of the hooded order take a frank pride in their horrific titles. The suggestion that what they are breathing is less fire than slime, is timely, and none the less wholesome because it comes from brothers in religion across the border.

THAT unassuming instrument, the telephone, celebrated its birthday with a dapper triumph which proves how much of youth it has preserved. For the first time voices chatted on familiarly across the sea, without more than a fraction of the hectic disturbance which heretofore mother earth had injected into the conversation. Weeks of careful preparation, years of scientific analysis, had forestalled her efforts to vote down the inconsequential twitter of the mere human race. It is obviously another step forward—professors should soon be able to diagnose persistently the developing changes between American and British speech, with a view toward proposing correctives where necessary; the State Department may ring up the capitals of Europe and issue advice in tune with the passing hour; and as for the conduct of business, it cannot but be expedited by this medium of personal contact—the charm of fresh, challenging voices capturing a new tang from the sea. In short, the pos-

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sibilities are infinite. Nor is this strange, seductive enterprise of telephony without its symbolic beauties. The other day the first radio message was transmitted to the United States from San Salvador, which is the island by which Columbus first verified his dream of a western world. Owing to the pressure of affairs, we have sometimes forgotten our origins. But now a voice has spoken out of the sea and the night, using a new and mysterious discovery to recall the old adventurous voyage through which we came into being.

SOCIAL workers are generally very busy people who do not look abroad for compliments. Therefore, there is a great deal of genuine cheer in such a festival as that organized by the "Better Times" welfare organization in New York City. The crowd which gathered to honor the occasion was a large, spirited crowd; and it learned to know better the effort toward human reclamation being made in the world's greatest city, and to make the acquaintance of some of those who are, as one might say, on the firing lines. This year the medals for distinguished service were awarded to three well-known officials—Mr. Homer Folks, Miss Lillian D. Wald, and Reverend Robert F. Keegan. It was a happy selection and drew attention incidentally to the diversity of the modern social worker's enterprise. Father Keegan, who was cited as having "brought a new element of strength to the advancement of the social well-being of the entire city," is renowned for having made the exhaustive survey of Catholic charities upon which the present archdiocesan administration is based. He has also been deeply interested in the achievement of the probation bureau maintained in New York by the Church, and recently favored The Commonweal with an authoritative paper concerning it. The recognition accorded him will be gratefully applauded by all who know his work, and by the many to whom his charity has brought new courage and the will to live.

THE reference by Pope Pius XI, made in his encyclical instituting a Feast of Christ the King, to "the numerous prayers of cardinals, bishops, and the faithful, made separately and in common" for its inclusion in the liturgy of the Church, covers an interesting history, according to a recent article in La Vie Catholique of Paris. As long as fifty years ago, a delegation of French deputies present in a body at Paray-le-monial, dedicated their country in a special manner to the "Sovereignty of Christ." When the first idea of Eucharistic Congresses was mooted by Mlle. Tamisier, the feast which has just been authorized was one of the objects which its promoters kept in view. Soon after the French pilgrimage, a Society of the Social Reign of Jesus Christ, was founded at Paray.

BY 1885 the society had spread into Italy, where Cardinal Richelmy, archbishop of Turin, was made its president-general. In 1899, Cardinal Richelmy proposed to Pope Leo XIII, who had just placed the world under the patronage of the Sacred Heart, that he should commemorate this consecration by a special feast-day in honor of the Kingdom of Christ. Among the thirty-five names of bishops and cardinals who signed the petition was that of Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice, and afterward Pius X. During his own Pontificate, which began four years later, it was the lot of Pope Pius to receive many petitions to the same end, made by bishops and Eucharistic Congresses all over the world. Neither he nor his successor, Benedict XV, judged himself in a position to do more than extend his benediction to the petitioners.

TO those who were anxiously waiting for an answer from Rome to their oft-repeated prayer, the proclamation of the new feast was foreshadowed when the present Pontiff, in his first encyclical, assigned as the special motive of his Pontificate, "the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ." Some months, however, were to pass before it became an accomplished fact. In audiences granted by the Pope during the sacred year, the matter was more than once referred to, and the Pontiff made no secret of the fact that he was awaiting still further requests, not only from the "teaching Church" but from its lay members, before acting. By the time the Holy Year celebrations opened, petitions from 400 bishops and from many hundreds of Catholic congresses and organizations had been registered, and long before its close it was an open secret that the Pontiff was only awaiting the end of the Jubilee to crown it with the proclamation of Christ the King and the assignment of His feast.

THE selection of Mr. William H. Edwards as the regent for organized professional football is both a solution and a challenge. It is a solution because a large-sized job has found a larged-sized man, whose knowledge of the work to be done, of the public which is the patron, and also of the ethical aspects of sport, is beyond question. It is a challenge because the change of a purely amateur sport like football into a business venture is unusually difficult and complex. In the first place, the success of gridiron leagues will inevitably react upon the annual pageants staged by all the colleges. We believe that there will be room for both kinds, because the public interest in punts and passes is a comparatively recent thing. Between going to school on a meagre allowance and joining a highly paid troupe under the leadership of some electric person like Red Grange, a hopeful youngster interested in money has only one choice to make. Many will believe that, far from injuring the rugged sport as an outlet for collegiate energies, the rise of a professional game may weed out certain well-curtained departures from amateur ethics which undoubtedly have helped to make touchdowns for alma mater.

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MEXICO AND LIBERAL OPINION

ONE has only to pin together recent "liberal" pronouncements concerning affairs in Mexico to realize the "universal tepidity" of American intellectual comment. Indeed, these pronouncements —especially where they refer to the treatment of religion by order of Señor Calles—testify to so complete an ignorance of facts that it is difficult to associate them with any kind of intellect whatever.

The always earnest Nation opines editorially that the "issue is really not over religion at all, but of persistent clerical interference in state matters which Mexico is trying to end once for all, after a hundred years of it." Which chaotic statement merely echoes the paid advertisement in The Nation's same issue: "In line with the policy of an absolute separation between church and state, the reform laws prohibited the priests from interfering in political affairs. That prohibition was even more completely justified in the case of foreign priests who were invested with a sacred character that dangerously influenced the superstitious masses." We crave attention to the logical niceties of this dictum, to which we shall return later.

But the same phenomenon of opinion is visible in many other places. The New Republic, with that reminiscent omniscience which characterizes its more lofty moments, reminds its readers: "As for the religious issue, we have already pointed out that the action recently taken by the Mexican government merely puts into effect a provision of the Constitution of 1917; that instead of being sudden, it was preceded by ample and repeated warning; and that, instead of being hostile to religion as such, it prohibits merely the activities of alien clergymen, of every denomination." For its part, the Christian Century—quite optimistic about the position of Protestant churches in Mexico—finds that "President Calles turned aside for a moment from his troubles with oil men, labor unions, agraristos, rebels, and bandits, to investigate the 'religious' situation. He ordered all the state governors to see that these provisions of the Constitution are carried out. Something of a hubbub has ensued." At the end of which may be inserted, if one is in tune with this Christian editor's mind, nine unctuous 'rahs for Saint Calles.

Even yet, the phenomenon has not ceased flashing into publicity. We may suppose that the so-called Emergency Foreign Policy Conference, which whisked suddenly into view like a gnome and got nation-wide attention on the strength of apparently fraudulent use of prominent names, would not immediately be trusted by intelligentsia trained in research, were its little speech about anything else except religion in Mexico. Nor will those who are not infinitely credulous make a grand salaam to the wisdom of Mr. Charles A. Frueauff, who appears as an attorney for the Calles government, with his dossier neatly prepared. We cannot quote more extensively from him than to reprint words which corroborate the liberal learning already cited: "Religion is in no way involved, it is merely a question of compelling the Church to keep her hand out of secular affairs"; and, "the Church must not be permitted to control knowledge."

So omnipresent is this kind of thing that citations might be multiplied indefinitely. What is the underlying cause? To begin with, who pays for the species of advertising which disfigured The Nation? Who finances the Emergency Foreign Policy Conference, with which one of the editors of the New Republic is presumably associated? These legitimate queries are not so important, however, as the wonder which arises from seeing how prone otherwise honest editorial bodies are before the voice of propaganda. It is appalling to find them reëchoing sentiments expressed by hired representatives of a government which has been under international suspicion ever since its rise to power. One would have expected moments of deliberation, at least. A calm and reasoned comparison of the arguments advanced by both parties might seem in order; but without even so much as a reference to the Catholic case, with no preliminary study of historical fact, the bland dictatorialism goes on its way.

Logic? Notice, for instance, the Nation advertisement already quoted. In order to guarantee "absolute separation between church and state," it has been deemed necessary in Mexico not merely to prohibit priests "from interfering in political affairs," but to disenfranchise and pauperize them completely. Without a vote, with no power to dispose of money even when it is earned in the public service, with no right to express an opinion about public affairs, the priest is "separate" indeed—separate in a way which a journal that, like The Nation, opposed the Klan, finds it strangely, sweetly reasonable to approve! But if the reason for this action was to prevent the dangerous influence of foreign clergymen with "the superstitious masses," what becomes of the argument that the government in Mexico is an expression of the people's will? If the poor peon is led by his curé—and even yet history shows that he is so led—what is the rôle of the group which presumes to speak for the peon?

Suppose that Americans, not having enjoyed the benefits of Mexican enlightenment and reform, should suddenly awake to find that some canny minority had used their governmental machinery to ordain the immediate ousting of all clerics not native to the United States. Many a pulpit would be barren, indeed. The initial blow might well be aimed at the Episcopal bishop of New York, Dr. Manning, thus halting the progress of a cathedral in whose upbuilding prominent New York has been glad to share. And down the

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line the agents of proscription might go, "merely enforcing the law," gathering Catholic and Protestant, British and Italian divines in their illuminated clutches, and preparing the way for an exodus of eligious servants comparable to nothing on record. Last, but not least, the synagogues might be deprived of their rabbis, for the delectation of a group which believed, above all, in having the law on its side. Naturally the hypothesis is, at once, ridiculous and ghastly. But standards of taste and sanity are no different in Mexico than here; and the flavor of fanaticism is not changed by the Rio Grande.

The deeper question—the only question which really matters—is that of the Mexican Constitution. It is comforting to hear that the government "is merely enforcing the law." But what shall we term this law, which perforce does not "interfere with religion as such?" It provides, as we have seen, for the complete disenfranchisement of the clergy; for the final confiscation of all ecclesiastical property; for the supervision of the Catholic cult and the limitation of the number of religious ministers; for the closing of all schools conducted by teaching orders or the secular clergy; for the halting of processions, so dear to simple people with an affection for their faith; and, finally, for whatever autocratic decision the authorities may take regarding an alleged offender, because the right of jury trial is denied. In short, this beneficent constitution is a flat repudiation of Magna Charta—of all principles termed American, of all liberty of conscience and free opinion. And we feel that endorsement of those who enforce this constitution is endorsement of this constitution itself. We believe that unless American liberal opinion, as quoted here, is utterly blind, it stands committed to a policy of suppression and government interference far more dictatorial than anything seen in this country since the notorious Alien and Sedition laws. Would Mr. Villard have endorsed them, and have urged the government by all means to stamp out opposition?

But, of course, this liberalism is blind. To begin with, it knows nothing of the Catholic Church and nothing of the history of religion in Mexico. The reactionary and alien-minded purpose of the clergy is taken for granted; even the humor latent in the fact that just before Señor Calles launched his offensive against religious education, he removed his own two daughters from a convent school, and that the daughter of Secretary Tejada still abides in one of these proscribed and benighted institutions, escapes attention. As a matter of fact, however, the origins of Mexican freedom have their own story to tell. The revolutionary movements of the opening nineteenth century were of two kinds: one begun by the unbalanced ex-priest Hidalgo, who fomented anarchy and banditry by organizing a mystical crusade among the peons, and the other formulated in the carefully meditated Plan d'Iguala, which dates from 1821. And it is this second plan which, endorsed as it was by all the clergy and celebrated with solemn Te Deums, first affirmed the right of Mexico to govern itself through its own parliamentary body and to deal with lawlessness by recourse to its own police power. Ever since that time, the current of Mexican affairs has depended upon which of these two original forces obtained the upper hand; and it has been one of the supreme misfortunes of Mexico that the interference of the United States was usually so timed as to support a more or less anarchistic régime, rendering it necessary for whatever constructive forces were laboring for the national welfare to resort to evasion of unjust and recriminatory laws. During the last nine years, Catholics have disregarded the Constitution for the same reason that has led them to disregard it for ninety years. It has been a national law imposed by triumphant juntas, generally with the aid of a foreign power. And they have seen the calculating hostility of Masonic lodges and other bodies which, for reasons which have their root in nineteenth-century revolutionism, have sought to carry out the destructive mandate of Voltaire.

America can deal with the whole situation in ways far removed from "oil" and "intervention." Everybody who knows anything about Mexican history realizes how generally sinister have been the southward marches of the United States, ever since the first ambitious plans of President Monroe prepared the road for the war of 1844. But the honor of religion needs neither plutocracy nor bayonets. It can be assisted merely by the pressure of a public opinion which, formed in a country no Mexican government can ignore, insists that the formula for creating political capital is something far different from persecution and intolerance. The formation of such an opinion will, we believe, be hastened by the happy choice of an American citizen as papal envoy to Mexico. Archbishop Caruana, who served as chaplain in the United States army and who has been actively engaged in spiritual work in the cities of Brooklyn and Philadelphia, knows the American mind and its standards. It will be impossible to ignore what he has to say. He will look at things as we ourselves would see them.

It may be added in conclusion that the American Catholic body is itself largely responsible for the misapprehension of Mexican affairs that exisits roundabout. Far too little has been said in its name, by authoritative scholarship, concerning the history of the country about whose early days Prescott threw the glamor of romance. Only occasionally has an effort been made to grasp the social, educational, and spiritual needs of the Mexican people, or to share the cultural burden which rests so heavily on the shoulders of those who must "carry on." And therefore, while the aberrations of liberal journalism are inexcusable, it must be admitted that they could hardly have been so gigantic if there had existed side by side with them an enlightened, charitable, Catholic mind about Mexico.

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For the Better Understanding of Dante—

The Leahy Dante Prize

THE COMMONWEAL announces the offer of the Leahy Dante Prize, made possible by the generosity of Mr. John S. Leahy, of St. Louis, a director of The Calvert Associates, who has offered one thousand dollars to the writer of the best essay submitted in the competition.

The conditions of the competition, as established by the committee, are these:

1. The competition is open to all contestants irrespective of religion or nationality.
2. The essay shall be written in English, and its literary merit shall be considered an important element of its value.
3. The nature of the essay desired is of an interpretative rather than of a philological or research character.
4. It shall not contain more than 5,000 words.
5. A typewritten copy of it must be sent to the Dante Prize Committee, care of THE COMMONWEAL, Grand Central Terminal, New York City, on or before September 1, 1926. All manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
6. The winning essay will be published in THE COMMONWEAL.

The jury is composed of the following:

DR. DINO BIGONGIARI—Professor in the Department of Romance Languages, Columbia University, Chairman.

DR. C. A. DINSMORE—Lecturer in the Yale Divinity School, member of the Dante Society of Cambridge, and author of *The Teachings of Dante.*

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY—A member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times,* and former president of the College of the City of New York.

DR. CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT—Chairman of the Romance Department of Harvard University and author of *Dante* and *The Power of Dante.*

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS—Chaplain of the Catholic Club of Yale University, and a member of the editorial council of THE COMMONWEAL.

REV. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P.—Editor of *The Rosary Magazine,* and author of *The Dominicans in History.*

DR. JOEL E. SPINGARN—Author of *Creative Criticism* and *A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance.*

REV. M. I. STRITCH, S.J.—Professor of Philosophy, St. Louis University.

DR. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR—Author of *The Mediaeval Mind* and *The Classical Heritage of the Middle-Ages.*

DR. JAMES J. WALSH—President of the Dante League of America and author of *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries.*

It is urged that lovers of Dante everywhere assist in making the competition stimulating, creative, and a real tribute to the poet.

All Essays Must Be Addressed to:

DANTE COMMITTEE, THE COMMONWEAL

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THE LOST CAPITAL OF MARYLAND

III. THE PASSING OF ST. MARY'S

By LOUIS W. REILLY

AFTER passing vexatious laws against the Catholics, banning them from public office, forbidding priests to say Mass, to exercise among the faithful the spiritual functions of their office, or to act as school-teachers, and harassing the representatives of the Proprietary, the royal government struck a fatal blow at St. Mary's City. Its antagonism was based ostensibly on the remoteness and inaccessibility of the city, but its real objection was that the inhabitants were mostly Catholics. St. Mary's had then about sixty dwellings, a fine state house, a printing-office, stores, warehouses, and other buildings. It had been made a city in 1671, and it had the privilege of sending two delegates to the Assembly.

The new government wished to cut away from the old, to destroy cherished traditions, to alienate the people from all affection toward the founders of the colony, and to obliterate memories that were hostile to itself and its narrow ways. The ancient capital was dear to the original settlers and to their descendants. It had been their first home in the new world; it had been the seat of their government for more than half a century; it was identified with the gentle and benevolent administration that had brought them peace and plenty. But its very fidelity to the institutions that had been overthrown and its persistent attachment to the Proprietary, were now become unpardonable offenses—punishment for which meant destruction.

Accordingly, the Assembly that convened in 1694 resolved, with the connivance of Francis Nicholson, the third royal governor, to move the capital to "the Town at Proctor's." The people of St. Mary's saw that the change meant the decline of their city and the ruin of most of the citizens who had made permanent investments in it. They therefore drew up a lengthy petition to "His Excellency," which began:

> The Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Freemen of the city of St. Mary's in the said province; and principally from the bottom of their hearts; they rejoice in Your Excellency's happy accession to this, your government; and sincerely pray for your peaceable and quiet enjoyment thereof and long and prosperous continuance therein, for the glory of God, their Majesties' service, the good and benefit of their subjects, and your own particular comfort and satisfaction.

The petitioners implored the Governor to continue:

> their ancient franchises, rights and privileges, granted them by their charter, with such other benefits and advantages as hath been accustomed and generally allowed, and, from time to time, continued to them by your predecessors, rulers and governors of the province, humbly offering and proposing to Your Excellency these following reasons as motives inducing thereto: Imprimis: as that it was the prime and original settlement of the province, and from the first seating thereof for above sixty years hath been the antient seat of government.

The second reason was that Lord Baltimore had conferred on it, in consideration of the above fact, especial privileges. The third reason for the continuance of St. Mary's as the capital was that:

> The situation in itself is most pleasant and healthful, and naturally commodious in all respects for the purpose, being plentifully and well-watered with good and wholesome springs, and almost encompassed around with harbor for shipping, where 500 sail of ship, at least, may securely ride at anchor before the city.

The town had, moreover, excellent points of land on which to erect fortifications to defend the said shipping and for the preservation of the "public magazine and records of the province."

The fourth reason showed that the capital should not be removed because land was bought by an act of the legislature of 1662; and an act passed in 1674 to build a state house and prison which cost the province 300,000 pounds of tobacco. The fifth reason was that the inhabitants of St. Mary's had contributed 100,000 pounds of tobacco to build Lord Baltimore a residence adjacent to the town. The sixth and seventh reasons recounted the removal of the Assembly and courts to the ridge in 1683, and the inconveniences that had brought them back to St. Mary's. The eighth reason declared that, to encourage the people of St. Mary's to provide accommodations for persons called to the town by public business, Lord Baltimore had promised that the seat of government should not be taken away from St. Mary's as long as he lived. The ninth reason stated that:

> Upon which encouragement given, several of the inhabitants of the said city had launched out, disbursed considerable estates to their great impoverishment and almost utter ruin, if they should be defeated of such, their promised encouragement; and not only so, but divers others the inhabitants for several miles about contiguous and adjacent to the said county, upon the same encouragement of His Lordship, have seated themselves upon mean and indifferent lands, and laid out their estates, and made improvements thereon, barely for the raising of stock wherewith to supply the said city for the end and purpose aforesaid, which is now become their whole and only dependence for their future support and maintenance.

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The tenth reason was based on the advantages of St. Mary's as to its convenience for masters of vessels and others coming in and going out of the province, for the dispatch of letters and expresses, its accessibleness from Patuxent and Potomac Rivers, and the "Main Bay," and the colony of Virginia "with whom mutual intercourse and correspondence is most undeniably necessary and material." The eleventh reason alleged that the capital should be at St. Mary's because Governor Copley had been sent there to conduct the government. The twelfth reason made the point that "scarce any precedent can be produced of so sudden a change as the removal of the antient and chief seat of government upon the careless suggestion and allegation of some particular persons for their own private interest and advantage." It claimed also that the removal of the capital was invested with the Governor as their majesties' representative and "at His Excellency's feet," and the petitioners continued:

> We humbly cast ourselves for relief and support against the calamities and ruin wherewith we are threatened, and wholly relying upon your Excellency's grace and favor therein, with whom, we also conceive, should be good manners in all persons first to treat and interceed, before they presume to make any peremptory result, in case of so high a nature as this may be.

The thirteenth and fourteenth reasons referred to the fact that in 1692 "it was put to the vote of a full House whether the holding of the courts and Assembly at St. Mary's were a grievance or not, and carried in the negative." The petitioners "humbly conceive that House did well consider all difficulties and outlays, losses and expenses to be incurred in moving the capital, besides the hazards and casualties of removing and transporting the records from one place to another, of which already some experience hath been had." The fifteenth reason offered to meet the objections of inconvenience of travel by providing:

> a coach, or caravan, or both, to go at all times of public meeting of Assemblies and provincial courts, and so forth, every day, daily, between St. Mary's and Patuxent River, and at all other times, once a week; and also to keep constantly on hand a dozen horses at least, with suitable furniture, for any person or persons, having occasion to ride post, or otherwise, with or without a guide, to any part of the province on the western shore."

The sixteenth and final reason argued that the objection to St. Mary's alleging that because it was not in the centre of the province it was not suitable for the capital, was conspicuously untenable from the fact that the imperial court is held in London, "as far from the centre of England as St. Mary's in this province; Boston, in New England; Port Royal, in Jamaica; Jamestown, in Virginia; and almost all other, their Majesties' American plantations; where are still kept and continued in their first antient stations and places, the chief seat of government and courts of judicature."

After signing their names, the petitioners made a last appeal to the Governor and council not to assent to the proposed removal. They repeated that it was a royal prerogative to change a capital and when that authority is invaded, "the state is in confusion." They were convinced that the contemplated law was "an apparent encroachment upon their Majesties' prerogative." They begged the Governor to reject the bill, until, at least, leave be obtained from the King, "lest the province may be so blamed as to have it said that it was the first of the American plantations that offered violence to the prerogative of so worthy a prince." In conclusion, they offered an apology to the Governor for their freedom in putting him in mind of a matter which they knew was his "chiefest care to preserve."

The Governor sent the petition to the lower House of the Assembly, which made to it this jeering reply:

> By the Assembly, October 11, 1694: This House have read and considered of the petitions and reasons of the Mayor, Aldermen and others, calling themselves Common Council and Freemen of the city of St. Mary's, against removing the courts and Assembly of, from this corner and poorest place in the province, to the centre and best abilitated place thereof. Although we conceive the motives there laid downe are hardly deserving any answer at all, many of them being against the plain matter of fact, some against reason, and all against generall good and wellfaire of the province; yet, because Your Excellency has been pleased to lay them before us, we humbly returne this, our sence of the same, that as to the . . . reasons, relating to what his Lord Proprietary has thought fitt to doe to the city of St. Mary's, it is noe rule nor guide to their Majesties, Your Excellency, nor this house. It seems in some parts to reflect on his Lord Proprietary, more than this House believes is true, or deserved by his Lord Proprietary. . . .
>
> As to the ninth: This House say that it is against the plain matter of fact, for we can decerne noe estate, either laid out, or to lay out, in or about this famous city comparable with other parts of this province. But they say, and can make appeare that there has been more money spent here, by three degrees or more, than this city and all the inhabitants for ten miles round is worth, and say that having had sixty odd years experience of this place, and almost a quarter part of the province devoured by it, and still, like Pharaoh's kine, remain as at first, they are discouraged to add any more of their substance to such ill improvers.
>
> As to the tenth and eleventh: We conceive the being of St. Mary's so neare Virginia, is not so great an advantage to the province, as the placing the courts in the centre and richest part of the same, which is no great distance from thence of Virginia either, and nearer New York and other governments which we have as much to do with as Virginia, if not more, and the place as well-watered and as commodious in all respects as St. Mary's, which has only served hitherto to cast a blemish upon all the rest of the province in the judgment of all discerning strangers who, perceiving the meanness of the head, must rationally judge proportionably of the body thereof. . . . They say that they do not hold themselves

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> accountable to the Mayor and his brethren for what they do for their country's service, nor by what measures they do the same, nor what time they shall take to do it in, nor for what reasons; and are, and will be as carefull of the records and properties of the people, as the Proprietary. . . .
>
> The House say the petitioners offer faire as they have done formerly, but never yet performed any, and this House believes that the generall wellfaire of the province ought to take place of that sugar plum of all the Mayor's coaches, who, as yet, has not one. . . . This House conceive that the city of St. Mary's is very unequally rankt with London, Boston, Port Royall, etc. All which we humbly offer to Your Excellency's consideration.

On the reception of the reply of the House of Delegates, the council tersely approved it, saying: "This board concur with the said answers made by the House of Burgesses."

The removal was completed in the winter of 1694 and 1695, when the archives were all transferred to Anne Arundel. The new capital was a village at the mouth of the Severn River, and had first been called Providence, and later, the Town at Proctor's. It had been created a town and port of entry in 1683. In 1694, previous to the removal, it was named Anne Arundel Town, and was made the residence of the district collector, the naval officer, and their deputies, "for the dispatch of shipping." At the next session it was called the Port of Annapolis. Four or five years later, it had forty dwellings, a state house, and a free school that was built of brick; the foundations of a Protestant church had been laid—the only brick church then in Maryland. It became a city in 1708.

When St. Mary's was no longer the capital, its modest prosperity began to wane. Some of its inhabitants who depended on the trade of visitors, moved to Annapolis. Many of its buildings, deserted and neglected, fell into decay. Its handsome and well-built state house, after being used for many years as an Episcopalian house of worship, was iconoclastically leveled to the ground in 1831, and a Protestant church erected on or near its site.

At present, the place contains so few buildings—including a state-assisted "non-sectarian" Protestant academy for girls, called St. Mary's Seminary—that it may not be called even a hamlet. The very landing on the river in front of it does not go by its name, but is known as Brome's. It has been practically wiped out of existence. Yet it is situated on a beautiful plateau and possesses a noble harbor capable of sheltering a fleet. If it had not been despoiled of its dignity as the capital of the colony, it would now, with shipping and railroads facilitating approach to it, be a great metropolis. But, effaced as are the edifices that once entitled it to the rank of a city, and overgrown and forgotten as are its boundaries, it still survives, imperishable, in the history of America and in the honor of mankind as the cradle of civil and religious liberty in the United States.

SPIRITUAL CHICAGO

By JOSEPH I. BREEN

WE HAVE a murder in Chicago almost every morning before breakfast. Try as we do, there is no escaping it. Our newspapers appear to have a sort of standing head to screech forth the very latest fracas wherein somebody shoots somebody else and gets away with it.

It would appear from recent testimony that our brethren of the olive skin and the furtive eye, whose ancestors held their abode along the shores of the glorious Mediterranean, have come to the fore in this business of shoot, hit, and run. We have names like Spingola, Anselmi, and Scalise looming very large and threatening upon the front page of our favorite newspaper.

The practice seems to be to invite the lady or gentleman to be executed to "take a ride" in one's six-thousand-dollar automobile. The invitation accepted, one makes tracks for a distant and less frequented part of the city whereat the guest is dragged from the interior of the limousine and shot—not once, but ten or twelve or fifteen times, through head, back, heart, and lungs. It has been observed more than once that our present-day type of murderer in Chicago is a very thorough-going person with an aptitude for sharp attention to details.

It must not be inferred from this, however, that all the murders committed in Chicago are done by the compatriots of M. Mussolini. Frequently, others, who boast not so glorious an ancestry, indulge themselves to the extent of shooting a brother Pole or a sister Czech, to the tune of thousand-dollar fees gathered in by way of "profits" on the sale of poisonous "hooch" put out under a Peter Dawson label. Then, too, there was a gentleman who was a shoemaker by trade and a most lovable fellow who "went for a ride" and never came back. Quite recently, the spotlight of our morbid curiosity was focused upon a dandy who is classified as a "hundred-percenter—a native-born of pure New England ancestry," who appears to have married three young ladies, stolen fifty automobiles and twenty valuable fur coats, and to have been responsible for the killing of half-a-dozen policemen.

From all of which it will be seen readily that Chicago is a city of many parts. The fact is, however, that when judged by many standards which prevail in such matters, Chicago is a really great city. They

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do some things out here occasionally which are truly marvelous. And when you get to know something of its brief and stirring history, which is a glorious record of rapid advancement and tremendous growth, you begin to understand why it has been put forth as the "Wonder City of the World." Less than a hundred years ago, this second largest city of the nation was little more than a chance meeting place set down in a vast wilderness. Upon its incorporation in 1837, the population figures were fixed at 4,000. Today, upwards of three millions reside within her municipal limits, with another million close at hand and dependent upon her bounty.

From a mere trading-post on a well-watered prairie, in less than a century the city has become one of the outstanding banking and commercial centres of the earth, second only to New York in the value of its mercantile resources. It is the world's largest railroad centre and has taken its place among the world's greatest cities along with London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Now, in the face of all this, it may not be amiss to suggest that it is a mistake to imply that Chicago is little more than a nest-hole of murderers and a lair for sharp-witted gentlemen with a weakness for appropriating unto themselves other fellows' wives, lives, and goods. True it is that a like impression is certain to prevail where one's knowledge of the city is gathered from its newspapers. But there are in Chicago millions of plain folk, much like the common run of plain folk elsewhere, concerning whom you rarely read anything whatever in the columns of the newspapers. It is these who go to make the city what it really is, and not the gentry of the disinherited and the unhappy. There are more homes to the square mile in Chicago than in any city of the world; there is at least as much downright solidarity, sincerity of purpose, and appreciation of the finer things of love and life. And, when you come to reckon upon the things that are worth while, Chicago must be accorded her place. For sheer achievement in that very nebulous thing called civilization, and in literature, art and religion, she is, unquestionably, the miracle city of her age.

Witness, if you please, the plans which Chicago has in hand for the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress which is to be held this year in that city from June 20 to June 24. Herein you may glean something of that fine quality of fibre and substance, rarely mentioned in the newspapers, and the deep religious spirit of her people which, likewise, attracts no attention in the daily press. These qualities which are a live, vital, enervating part of her community life, are rarely mentioned and never stressed. If present indications count for anything, it is more than likely that Chicago, next June, will stage the most outstanding religious demonstration of a century.

The Catholic group in Chicago, which numbers slightly less than one and one-half millions, is to play host to the Catholics of all the world in a demonstration of faith which bids fair to eclipse anything of its kind ever held on this continent. If only to demonstrate this better side of Chicago, a word or two about this congress may serve a worth-while purpose. To write down a great people in terms of murder, rape, prostitution, and debauchery is the foulest kind of injustice and libel.

Now, in order to understand just what it is that Chicago is about with this Eucharistic Congress, it may be well to suggest here that, with Catholics and those others who hold obedience with Rome, the Blessed Eucharist, or the Sacrament of the Eucharist, is the "central fact of Catholic worship and belief." According to this Catholic doctrine, during the Mass, which is defined as the "unbloody sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ," that which was, and to all appearances is, but bread and wine, becomes with the words of consecration of the celebrant priest, "the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ." Christ is actually present upon the altar, in entirety, in either species. The consecrated Host, or small white wafer, is reserved in the tabernacle of the altar in all Catholic churches and, with certain others whose tenets subscribe to the doctrine of the Eucharist, is adored as the Living Presence of Jesus Christ. In other words, Catholic belief has it that Christ Himself is actually living and present in the Blessed Eucharist, just as He was actually living and present at Bethlehem or Calvary.

The purpose of the Eucharistic Congress is to manifest publicly Catholic love, fealty, and devotion to Jesus Christ present in the Eucharist; to promote and inspire among men greater love and a more widespread devotion to the Eucharist and to endeavor to make reparation for the outrages which have been committed against this living Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. Thus will it be noted that, with Catholics, a Eucharistic Congress is an event of greatest importance. It is a public demonstration of faith in the (to Catholics) most sublime mystery of Christian life.

The movement which has its expression in these congresses is less than half a century under way. But its advancement in popularity and effectiveness has been almost miraculous. It owes its inception to a woman —one Marie Martha Tamisier, a French lady who persuaded Monsignor de Segur, the "blind bishop of Lille," to assemble the first congress in 1881. The idea caught on immediately, and soon other distinguished ecclesiastics lent their support to its cause so that, within a few years, the influence of the movement spread to all parts of the world. Rome, Vienna, Paris, Brussels, London, and Amsterdam are but a few of the larger cities which have played the host to a Eucharistic Congress, each with increasing numbers in attendance and in effectiveness. In 1910, the congress was assembled at Montreal, Canada, for the first of such congresses in the new world. And now the con-

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gress comes to Chicago. For the first time in its history, the Catholics of the United States, represented by the Catholics of Chicago, will entertain the "congressists"—as those who participate in the ceremonies and deliberations are called.

At Montreal, fifteen years ago, something like 750,000 persons were in attendance upon the congress sessions. At Chicago, it is estimated that near to a million will attend. Sufficient information is at hand to indicate that almost every people in the world will be represented by a group of both priests and laity. More than twenty cardinals have signified their intention to participate in the deliberations, along with forty or more archbishops, and about 260 bishops. No figures are available as to the number of priests and religious who will journey to the city for this gathering, but an estimate ventured by one in authority puts it down as 8,000.

Now, on her part, Chicago for more than a year has been working away quietly with a view to seeing to it that her congress be well worthy of the Church in the United States. Twenty-five committees of both clergy and laity have been assembled to carry out the enormous details of the plans. These appear to have anticipated every possible contingency. There are committees on health, safety, and sanitation—on housing and food, transportation and program, finance and history, processions and pageants—and a dozen others. There is a group preparing to direct the religious ceremonies, and the public meetings at which discussions on various aspects of the Blessed Eucharist will be held.

It is known that these discussions will bring to Chicago the foremost scholars and scribes of the world. Outstanding men of letters, orators of note, dogmatic interpreters, and preachers of renown will participate —either in the discussions or the ceremonies. A papal legate, the personal representative of Pius XI, will preside, and distinguished ecclesiastics will rub shoulders with the poor and the lowly, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. In all that has to do with the congress at Chicago it is emphasized that the undertaking is purely and solely a spiritual one, and that the call to come has gone forth to all the Christian world, in the spirit of Christ, which admits of no distinction of class or caste.

This, then, is the task to which Chicago has set herself. It is the purpose to manifest to a watching world that abiding faith in Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist which is the very be-all and end-all of Catholic devotion and belief. And, though little has been suggested in the official despatches which might substantiate the thought, it is not without reason to hope that the assembly at Chicago next June will leave after it a profound impression, the like of which we stand sorely in need of. There are 60,000,000 people in this expansive land of ours who admit of no religious affiliation of any kind. May it not be that this Eucharistic Congress, because it is a demonstration of religious faith that is definite, concrete, and tangible, may touch the hearts of those others, enlighten their minds and strengthen their wills—all to the end that the reign of Christ may prevail everywhere?

Of course, you won't read much about all this in the daily newspapers. But when you know something about newspapers you get to understand. Because, after all, you know, there are still the Gennas, the Durkins, and the "bootleg war" to be "played up" to satisfy the lust for more and still more of that morbidity which, though it may demoralize the youth of today, is "sure-fire stuff" in building up circulation.

CHOIRS FOR A NEW AGE

By GRENVILLE VERNON

IT is true that eleven o'clock in the morning is out of bounds for a New York music critic. To him, as to most journalists, the hours between two in the morning and noon are dedicated to sleep, breakfast, and the perusal of the newspapers.

And yet that but a single one of these critics, and he an assistant, should have found the inspiration to forego his usual matutinal release and to attend the demonstration of the Justine Ward method of music teaching at the Lawrence-Smith School on Saturday morning, February 27, is a commentary on our journalistic system not altogether pleasing. Judged by any artistic standard, the occasion was of more importance than the débuts of a dozen Marion Talleys. The Rotary Clubs of Kansas City, with their special trains, a special telegraph wire with a ticking instrument in the wings to spread the glad tidings of an immature soprano's ascent to press-agented stardom, and hysterical women out in Broadway fighting the police for entrance—this, of course, is news. But it is apparent that the demonstration of a great new artistic movement is not news; and so it was that only one assistant critic found himself present that morning in the hall of the school in East Seventieth Street.

The demonstration was participated in by groups of children from the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Miss Hewitt's School, the Kips Bay Boys' Club, and by a private class of beginners. The very fact that of these five organizations, only the Pius X School was distinctly Catholic, made the demonstration only the more pregnant of meaning to the Catholic mind—for the movement it expressed is Catholic in birth and

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spirit. The Justine Ward method was perfected by Mrs. Ward working in collaboration with the Reverend J. B. Young, S.J., for the primary purpose of introducing the Gregorian Chant into the churches of the United States. For the furtherance of this, Mrs. Ward, with the coöperation of Mother Stevens of the Manhattanville Convent of the Sacred Heart, established the Pius X School of Liturgical Music. That non-Catholic schools and organizations should have adopted Mrs. Ward's method and should have employed teachers trained at the Pius X School is a splendid tribute.

There is no necessity of going into detail as to what the children in their demonstration accomplished. It is enough to say that it was extraordinary. Their mastery of pitch and rhythm, their ability to compose original melodies and compositions (one of these being in three parts on a theme played on the piano by a member of the audience) and the skill of the older children in the singing of Gregorian, quite took the breath away. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the power they displayed would have been quite impossible of attainment by any group of children trained in the methods usually employed, either in lay or church schools. All who were present recognized the extraordinary insight shown by Mrs. Ward, as well as her mastery of method needed to train children so that they may be able to sing properly liturgical music of the Gregorian style.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Gregorian music and the Latin language constitute the official public prayer of the Church—a universal music and a universal language. The Latin language has, of course, remained untouched; but alas, the Gregorian music, largely owing to the vogue of polyphony, has through recent years become more and more debased and mutilated, until at the time Pope Pius X issued his Motu Proprio it had all but disappeared. That such a condition should have obtained has been little short of a tragedy—a tragedy peculiarly apparent in the churches of a nation as undeveloped musically as the United States. The time has come when it is no longer possible for American Catholics who understand the necessity for purity in liturgical song to mince words for fear of offending organists, or even parish priests whose upbringing has unfortunately rendered them impervious to the beauties of the Gregorian style. We have the authority of the Holy Father himself to speak, and we ought to demand a careful hearing. We have gone to Mass Sunday after Sunday, and have listened to excerpts from opera, operetta, and musical comedy given forth by the organ and the choir as integral portions of the service. We have listened, shocked and ashamed. If it had not been that we realized that it was the result of ignorance combined with unfortunate physical conditions, we might well have believed that the world, if not the flesh and the devil, had attacked both devotion and purity of spirit.

The Motu Proprio issued by Pope Pius X set forth in perfectly definite terms what liturgical music should be, and what it should not be. It gave the end to be worked for and stated the issue clearly and without possibility of denial. We at least know now what the problem is, and what we must accomplish. But the question remains—how is that end to be arrived at? There is no use blinking the difficulties. We must force our way through active opposition which is the result of sheer ignorance fostered by centuries of false musical ideals, and through what is even more difficult, a public inertia which may appear at first approach unsurmountable. We know the difficulties—we must have the courage. How is operatic and other strictly secular music to be banished from the Mass and relegated to its proper sphere? How is that other music, that written ostensibly for church purposes, but which shows its essentially worldly character only too plainly, to be understood for what it really is? This is the problem which Catholics of all countries must solve for themselves—a problem difficult, but certainly not impossible of solution—a problem to which such demonstrations as that at the Lawrence-Smith School offer the one and only key. For it is through the child and the child alone that there can come a return to the original purity of liturgical song.

The proper execution of Gregorian Chant and music written in the Gregorian spirit is extraordinarily difficult; yet if it is not presented properly the result is lamentable. It requires something more than a voice and a reasonable amount of application under a singing-master, for it requires a fundamental understanding of musical values. Such a demand seems at first thought a tall order for a church choir. How many of our successful opera singers, for instance, possess it? Yet it is an understanding which, if properly imparted, the average child can absorb as he absorbs his letters. It is, then, to the child we must turn, and it is to the training of the child that Mrs. Ward and Mother Stevens have turned in the foundation of the Pius X School—a school which is to be hoped will be only the first of hundreds of others to be established throughout the land.

Though founded only eight years ago, the Pius X School has already sent dozens of former pupils and members of its summer classes into other schools in New York and various cities. Only last week, no less a figure than Cardinal O'Connell invited the girls' choir of the Pius X School to sing at High Mass in the Cathedral in Boston. Cardinal O'Connell, himself a musician of no ordinary attainment, is naturally a zealous believer in the restoration of Gregorian, and on hearing the choir sing in the Sacred Heart Convent in Boston, he at once sent his invitation for it to show the Cathedral congregation the sort of music demanded by the Motu Proprio. This act of the Cardinal ought to affect the future of music.

The choir of the Pius X School is composed of

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girls belonging to the Church of the Annunciation who are taught by the religious of the Sacred Heart, and at present it sings the Mass each Sunday at that church. Moreover, so many of the younger members of the congregation have been or are pupils of the Pius X School, that the congregation itself now joins in the singing. This establishment of congregational singing is something hitherto practically unknown to the churches of the United States, and is, of course, only possible when a considerable portion of the worshippers have been trained in the music. When sufficient training schools have been established in the different cities, this participation of the congregation in the service will become an established thing in at least one church in each city; and as each school will be likewise the training ground for teachers, the opening of further schools with the continued extension of this splendid feature will be inevitable.

It was but fitting that the choir of the Pius X School should have had the inestimable boon of instruction from perhaps the foremost authority on Gregorian Chant in the world—Dom Andre Mocquereau of the abbey of Solesmes. It was upon the researches carried out by the Benedictine monks of Solesmes under Dom Mocquereau that the official edition of the liturgical chant of the Church is based. It may thus be turly said that Dom Moquereau brought across the ocean the torch of Gregorian scholarship, and with his own hands gave it into the keeping of Mrs. Ward and Mother Stevens. Those who were present at the recent demonstration at the Lawrence-Smith School, as well as those who have attended Mass at the Church of the Annunciation, have realized that the flame thus lighted in the new world is today a veritable beacon of hope and enlightenment.

Of course the battle has only just begun, but it is being waged with faith and with the enthusiasm which is the child of faith. But to extend the work, money is needed and needed badly. If the reform in church music is to become widespread, schools must be established in every diocese, and ought to be established in every parish. In all music, the same rule holds true—it is only by the hearing of good music that good music can be loved. Our people today hear opera, operetta, and even popular songs, and go away thinking that of such is composed the kingdom of Catholic music! Yet these very people, once given the opportunity of hearing the true liturgical music sung as it must be sung, will welcome it in no uncertain manner. The successful presentation of that music is based on the ability of children to sing it—children who, when they grow up, will be equally able to take the parts then suited to their voices. While the Pius X School has done splendid work in training a girl choir, it is boys' choirs which are, of course, essential. Already Mother Stevens has a boys' class under her direction, and when it is fully matured it will undoubtedly give as admirable an account of itself as her girls' class has already done.

CATHOLICISM: ITS CASE

By HILAIRE BELLOC

SOME months ago I wrote for The Commonweal an article in which I suggested that the time would come for proposing the Catholic position to non-Catholics in the shape of a number of short, clear, apologetic statements from different writers.

The Macmillan Company took up the proposal, and the first little booklet will appear, I understand, in the publishing season of the present year. There will be one on The Catholic Church and History, one on The Catholic Church and the Phenomena of Conversion Thereto, one on The Catholic Church and Philosophy, and others on similar topics contributed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; Sir Bertram Windle; Father Vincent McNabb, the Thomist scholar; Mr. Leo Ward; and myself. The title of the series will be The Calvert Library.

It may be of service at the inception of such an effort to reiterate its motive, and to say why (in my judgment, at least) this is the right moment for it.

The difference of the Catholic position may take a thousand forms according to the nature of the attack which it is proposed to meet. Again, the propagation of Catholic truth may take a thousand forms according to the varying media in which the advance is desired to take place.

If you are defining Catholic truth against some simple, half-educated man, stuffed with the popular "science" of the day, your task is of one kind. If you are defining it against a highly-cultured, sceptical man whose own very brain work has fatigued and confused him with doubt, your task is of another. In the first case, you have only to instruct—as a superior does an inferior. In the second case, you have to awaken. If you are defining the Catholic truth against a highly-cultured, sceptical man, not fatigued but alive with hatred for the Faith, then you have quite another business to your hand. You must fight. You must meet him as an equal, with wit and with irony. You must batter down his battering.

If you are defining the Catholic Faith against the old-fashioned Protestant (in England we have hardly any left, but in America you have; and it is, to their honor, a great number) you must use arguments almost entirely historical, though mixed with a certain amount of philosophy; asking them especially whether anything can be itself if it be not one; and whether there can be any fundamental authority that is not superior to individuals.

In the same way, if you are not defining, but spreading, Catholic truth, your effort will differ in manner according to your medium. There is one way of approaching the simple man; there is another way of approaching the sophisticated. There is one way of making a man see whether or not his blindness is due

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to cataract, and another way of making him see whether or not his blindness is due to a malformation of the lens of the eye. Spectacles and operations are distinct remedies.

Now, as it seems to me, the moment in which we live requires a method almost unknown before among men of white, western traditions—men of Christendom; men of the European mode.

Things have gone so far in the division between the Catholic Church and its opponents that by this time there is a fundamental ignorance, outside the Catholic Church, of what the Catholic Church is. The converse is not true. The educated Catholic knows perfectly well what the anti-Catholic world is thinking, and naturally feels his superiority to that world. But the anti-Catholic world no longer knows what the Catholic is thinking. It has a much better knowledge of this supreme thing in countries of ancient Catholic culture than in Protestant countries. The French anti-Catholic (the atheist or Huguenot or Deist—say Clemenceau) knows much more about the Catholic Church than someone like Dean Inge in England can possibly know; in the one case, that, say of Clemenceau, the ignorance is like the ignorance of Greek which most men suffer from who know, at least, that there was such a place as Athens, and who have seen Greek statuary. The ignorance of the other, say Dean Inge, is like the man who does not know the difference between Greek statuary and Chinese.

But though there are these differences in ignorance, ignorance of the Catholic Church is the general note of our time; and therefore I think the task of the Catholic today is to combat that ignorance—to restore the old state of affairs, in which the Catholic Church and its opponents had common knowledge, one of the other. For if that be done now, our advantage is vastly greater than it was in the old days of quarrel with the eighteenth-century Deist or the nineteenth-century agnostic of Protestant Victorian England.

Within this very week, I have had two examples of the degrees to which this ignorance of the Catholic Church can go, both from the lips and the pens of highly educated men.

In the one case, I found a man quietly taking it for granted, that whereas what he called "the churches" (by which he meant what that phrase always means—in the various Protestant sects) were reluctant in varying degrees to following physical science, that natural duty was actually forbidden to Catholics. The whole enormous story of Catholic activity in archaeology—for instance, the fact that a good half of the modern discoveries on primitive man were due to Catholic priests—he knew nothing of. It was as though a man were to say that the English of the nineteenth century had been forbidden by their government to use machinery or to make physical discoveries.

In the other case I heard a man saying, as he discoursed on Buddhism (which is again one of the fashionable fads in London just now) that the Catholic Church regarded Beatitude as a final loss of personality. He was astonished to hear that the Catholic definition of God is personal, and makes our own immortality personal too.

Further, I think that our time is a sincere time; one seeking instruction, and anxious. I think it will honestly appreciate and regard what is put before it. Catholic truth will have to be put gently, because our time is not used to the effort of thought, and it will have to be put very simply and clearly, for the same reason. But it will not be rejected through hypocrisy, save perhaps in certain narrow academic circles, such as we suffer from over here in our more ancient English universities. If we tell people what the position is, I think they will listen all the more honestly because they will be genuinely surprised when they discover that doubts which they thought novel have been dealt with and solved centuries before their birth; when they discover that there is a comprehensive philosophy explaining the world, and yet one of which they have never heard; when they are introduced to the elementary truth that there is something more than mere opinion among men, and another kind of certitude from that which depends upon experience. They will then be attracted towards the Faith as towards a newly discovered land.

Further, they will find that in this land alone is there a climate and a sustenance normal to the fallen race of man.

An Adventure

I died last night about half-past eleven;
  An owl was hooting; the winds were banshee-wails.
To my surprise I found myself in heaven,
  And chatting with a saint—I think, de Sales.

He was a courteous saint, the best of guides;
  He put me at my ease; I had no fears.
He introduced me round, with brief asides
  About the other saints and their careers.

Smiling explorers of terror and of pain,
  Bold challengers of death, their high-bred port
Told of adventure and of calm disdain
  Where the fell pursuivants of the soul consort.

O, yes, they all were kindness itself to me,
  Accepting me in equal fellowship:
They failed to mark, rather feigned not to see
  My craven, shifting glance and faltering lip.

I slowly grew distressed. "Please let me out!"
  I cried. "There's some mistake! I am not dead!
I ought not to be here!" My saint in doubt
  Stood for a moment. "O, very well!" he said.

Then down the night where all the star-suns burned
  I fled in shame, but resolute of will.
The clock was striking twelve when I returned.
  The winds had dropped: the owl was hooting still.

JAMES J. DALY.

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FATIMA SMITH

By JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH

THERE is a beloved family in our street known by the not uncommon name of Smith. It is in the patio of their home that Fatima, the parrot, holds her noisy matins.

We have gone there many times while sunlight is still fresh and clean. We have sat upon gay chairs from Billibad and smoked the best of Mr. Smith's cigarettes and have made vain, furtive snatches at the ridiculously large oranges which, like so many golden fears, hang in patrician attitudes from potted trees upon his stone-flagged terrace. We have talked with Mr. Smith, who is a tall, good man, about many things, both intimate and strange. Indeed, our relationship is such that we have been permitted to sniff gratuitously at the expensive orchids in his greenhouse. They hang down out of a shining dome of glass like beautiful promises out of some mock heaven —promises too beautiful ever to be quite fulfilled.

Yet all the while we are conscious of a personality that projects itself abroad upon the scented morning. We have been drawn, time after time, before the perch of her who rules the dappled hours of the day—for Fatima, the parrot, is mistress of the patio.

I wonder from what place of deep retirement they bring Fatima out into the startled world. She has, I think, some queenly boudoir of her own, wherein she allows herself to be bathed and ministered unto in other ways. I am told she has even decreed that some Nubian female approach her with proper salaam after proper salaam, and that she place beneath the furthest tips of Fatima's silken wings a drop or two of some thrice-distilled attar of roses. Then, when at length her elaborate toilette is complete, she settles and arranges herself luxuriously in her gleaming cage, to be transported out upon the patio by what are to her invisible hands, and to be revealed once more to an acclaiming and freshly-startled world.

But even before she is quite visible, we hear her coming through dim corridors beyond. As she is borne within her palanquin, she chatters with such extravagant incoherence as only a princess dare use. She indulges in long and complicated words which no one can quite understand. They are very terrible utterances, I'm sure; they strike into the hearts of her craning subjects like shining spears of power.

How she revels in her triumphal passage out into the glory of the sun! As she comes through the portiered doorway, she assumes a patronizing sweetness and smirks and nods her head this way and that, pretending all the while to listen with ill-affected interest to polite comments volunteered by some imaginary consort at her side. We feel, too, that she is fingering strands and strands of too-large pearls—as large as eggs. We know, though we cannot see, that her fingers are very fat and pink as shrimps, and languid with the weight of such amazingly huge diamonds that to behold such would embarrass us to the point of rude and helpless laughter.

Her attitude of reclining is not one assumed without thought of keeping the velvet of her impossibly verdant attire free from wrinkles, and all her bows and ruffles intact. It is with such thoughts as these in mind that, as her palanquin of brass is set upon the tiled floor, she prepares herself against a jolt, no matter how slight it be—a jar might disarray the excessively nice arrangement of her intricate dress.

Mr. Smith it is who usually opens the door of her cage and lifts Fatima out and up to her elevated perch. Once there, Fatima disdainfully encompasses herself with a quite convenient veil of imagined invisibility, and strives to impress herself anew with the lately shattered sense of her own augustness. This she accomplishes by being haughtily silent for a little while, glaring fiercely at her cup of sun-flower seeds, which impious meditation she finally abandons to preen herself, a little furtively and not without a look of shame, straightening out some fancied irregularities in her glossy garb.

With her restored equanimity and poise, she manifests a slight interest in those around her. I think she raises an excessively long-handled lorgnette and appraises all of us in silence—a silence characterized more by indifference than by contempt. I do not know where such hauteur can be acquired. The like of it is rarely seen nowadays, and then only in grand young women just out of school. In the face of such disconcerting cold-bloodedness, one is at a loss to know what to do, much less what to say.

Thinking to please Fatima riotously, I diligently inquire of her:

"Polly want a cracker?"

Whereupon Fatima, removing her excessively long-handled lorgnette, turns her head in a direction not obstructed by my annoying presence, and exclaims in a voice sharp and petulant as it is sudden:

"Be your age!"

Be one's age, indeed! I am suddenly and painfully aware of my own utter childishness. Mr. Smith seems a great deal taller than I, and the whole world itself very strange and heartless and cruel. I swear, I could cry, did not Fatima, capricious hostess that she is, suddenly burst forth into the most torrential and voluminous laughter I have ever heard.

"Be your age!" she screams between paroxysms of uncontrollable mirth. "Be your age! Be your age!"

And as she laughs, she rocks herself back and forth

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upon her perch—rocking and laughing and screaming, all the while, that most offensive of admonitions at the very top of her queer and strident voice. We are bathed in showers of fiercely golden laughter. It splatters itself about the patio like sunlight suddenly become audible to our startled ears. It clambers up the white-washed walls and scampers in among the purple bougainvillea festooned from cedar timbers at the eaves. It rustles in between the brightly varnished green of orange tree leaves. If it should become suddenly and completely enchanted, it would hang among the gleaming verdure like many tiny bells of warm Venetian glass that do not sound.

Fatima jabbers effusively of many things. In the midst of a scintillating discourse on some vastly amusing subject, she becomes suddenly sober and recollected. She listens. She watches us with narrowed eyes. And then, in a voice laconic as that of any Swedish house-maid, she announces that the telephone has distinctly and positively rung.

"Telephone!" she calls. "Telephone!"

Fatima waits for someone to answer the imperative summons of the imaginary jangle that beats upon her hidden ears. She becomes impatient.

"Telephone! Telephone! Telephone!"

She is rewarded by the activity of someone.

"O, hello!" Sweetly, langorously, "hello!"

Evidently, though, difficulty in arousing an expected response is experienced, for she becomes impatient again and shouts repeatedly—"Hello, hello, hello, hello!" And then—

"What? . . . Send it over . . . What? . . . Not today . . . Any celery . . . celery . . . is it good? Send it over . . . send it over . . . some cabbage, some cabbage . . . send it over, send it over . . . What?"

Again she bursts into most violent laughter—but a different laughter now. It is low, rich, and not unlike a laugh of Ethel Barrymore's. It is laughter like George Sand might have laughed behind the delicate back of young Chopin—cultivated, artful, but ironical, dreadful; and when she has regained sufficient breath to speak at all, she provides us with no clue to her merriment.

"O, deah! O, deah!" is all she says. "O, d-e-a-h!"

Her next remark is perhaps a revelation of what thing has so deeply smitten her laughter-loving heart.

"Pretty Fatima!" she cooes. "O, pretty, pretty Fatima Smith! . . . And how's my little girl today? . . . How is my darling little girl? . . . Fatima is a pretty girl . . . a nice girl . . . O, pretty, pretty Fatima Smith!"

It is then she usually sings. Not unlike that solitary lass of Wordsworth's, Fatima sings of something far, and old, and strange.

I wonder what it can be all about? I wonder, too, where it was she learned the pretty songs she sings. Her repertoire is quite inexhaustible. Song after song she sings for us—brief, queer little songs. I think it must have been such songs that the lady Scheherazade sang to herself long, long ago, after the horror and terror of all the thousand and one nights had passed, and her life, now sweeter far to her than ever, was filled with unexpected splendor.

Fatima sings in a most grotesque falsetto and moves her body about a great deal as in pantomime. Somewhere afar off, I think she hears the enchanting sound of oboes winding itself about an onyx column, and beneath her awkward feet, scaly with a golden scale, she feels a polished floor, and on it sees rhythmic reflections of many bright and fleeting tambourines.

In this far place, I think she sees herself secure from cats. In her ingenuous mind, she has outwitted all the cats upon the earth; she has chained them all together with the chains of sure captivity.

As the oboes play and the tambourines shimmer and rattle in the half-light of her remote pavilion, all the conquered cats file by in long, long lines. I know it makes her very happy to see the cats so meek and dismal in their tinkling chains. As they pass, they make her a quaint devoir which she has prescribed for them.

Fatima's whistle is a vulgar kind of whistle and is very distasteful to one's ears. That she does not imagine it to be otherwise is evident from the mischievous glint that comes into her eyes while whistling. She whistles very much out of the same spirit that prompts rude children to scrape their finger-nails on rough surfaces.

At a time like this, there is no question but that Fatima is at least partially demented. She becomes taken by a most elaborate frenzy and her laughter now is turned merely into shrieks and screams, out of which condition she glibly passes into a state of coma, moaning and sobbing to herself most pitiably. She is, in fact, quite exhausted now, and refreshes herself with draught after draught of water from her porcelain cup. As a means of relaxation, she takes to biting the perch on which she stands—biting it deliberately and thoroughly, yet with a most pathetic melancholia of spirit.

Poor Fatima! Life as a parrot is indeed quite gay at times, but she finds it tiresome, too, I think. It is easy to be mirthful, witty, humorous and ridiculous part of the time; but to attempt an endless existence with such qualities as an expected—nay, demanded—attribute in her is more than her innately tragic soul can long endure. So we leave Fatima to her siesta.

In Treasure Island there is the parrot, it is recalled, who cries—"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" Years from now I shall hear, like another Jim Hawkins, a parrot remembered after many years—a parrot who cries, not "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" but—and this sweetly and honeyedly, as any bejeweled Marguerite before her mirror—

"O, pretty Fatima! O, pretty Fatima Smith!"

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE LOCARNO AGREEMENTS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Lloyd George's remark that "the wine of Locarno is already badly corked, due to this unfortunate series of incidents," is witty—but I am not sure that it is quite worthy of his astuteness except for opposition purposes. The joy with which the Locarno agreements were hailed proves quite conclusively the power behind their adoption; the uncalculating expressions of that joy lead inevitably to equal depression upon public realization that the Locarno agreements are not, and cannot be, final. As I pointed out in The Commonweal, in The Paradox of Open Diplomacy, agreements between nations are reached more than ever before by trial and error and the final expression of the desires of nations gradually become articulate.

The Locarno Conference was not, and could not be, a spontaneous gushing forth of benevolence doing away forever with suspicion and intrigue. Locarno is only a step, though a vitally important step—it is a step made possible by the Experts' Plan of April 9, 1924 (the Dawes Plan) to which, in turn, advance was made by years of tentative agreement, opposition, and failure.

Both the Experts' Plan and the agreements made at Locarno on October 16, 1925, and signed at London on December 1, are part of the same policy constantly interrupted, persistently held to; a policy pushed with consummate patience toward fruition by the United States, England, and Germany, and finally acceded to by France.

It is not fair to impute unworthy motives to the negotiators who, with varying success, have plodded step by step toward a goal; nor to the governments and peoples they represent. It is no more fair to say that "England can afford to be generous to a stricken enemy deprived of fleets and colonies" than it is to say what was said with regard to Germany (September 27, 1918 and June 16, 1919) that "the reason why peace must be guaranteed is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy"; or with regard to France that, "carried away by the glamor of a military ascendancy greater than that of Napoleon or of Louis XIV, and its consequent political potentialities, she has been obstructive until, terrified by her financial débâcle, she has come to terms." All these things have doubtless been present in men's minds in all three countries, and quite possibly have had some influence upon the parochially minded in our own country with reactive influence upon America's efforts to aid in the reconstruction of civilization. Perceptible throughout has been the desire of all peoples for security, peace, life, and comfort, inarticulate at first but gradually piercing the fog of hatred and distrust (partly inherited, partly taught, partly deliberately fostered for war purposes) until, vocal at last, it has become the key-note and dominant motif of international negotiators.

It is quite clear to those who have been able to follow the sequence of events with personal knowledge of men and national characteristics involved, that the will to break through the war spirit has been sincere and that those who have addressed themselves to an almost superhuman problem have been sincere, piercing through a little, each in his turn, though apparently failing in the main objective.

The first definite gain, publicly recognized as a gain, was the decision to place the formulation of "a way out" upon "experts," upon private citizens with no hampering constituencies, who immediately upon appointment violated their instructions and faced not theories but facts, embodying their visualization of these facts and their consequences in the report of the committee over the signature of their chairman, Mr. Dawes. Even these non-official "experts" were not exempt from the influence of political experiments and the distrust of uniformed and narrow views, until, at the London Reparation Conference, arbitration was provided for in no less than seventeen visible cases where disputes might interfere with the carrying out of the Experts' Plan. The principle of arbitration has gained ground slowly over insistence on "security from aggression." So great was this post-war state of nerves that when Germany had begun to ship coal to France as payment in kind, a section of French public men saw therein new cause for alarm, and actually proposed the purchase in America and shipment to France of 1,000,000 tons of coal a month, at the then high price of American coal, lest France might become dependent upon German shipments and Germany one day shut down and paralyze French life. An interesting argument advanced as inducement to Americans set forth that the regular work attendant upon such a monthly shipment over a long period would stabilize our coal industry and tend to minimize, by steady work, the annual disturbance of miners' strikes.

It is perhaps not too much to say that the importance of the Dawes Plan lay, from the very beginning of the growth of the idea, not so much in actual reparations payments to the countries concerned as in the gradual liquidation of distrust and hostility. There is a tendency in America to doubt the efficacy of the Dawes Plan in operation. Quite conceivably it may develop that it is not possible to make any such payments as have been heretofore advanced as irreducible, as minima. Stability is what is wanted. The main problem facing Mr. Parker Gilbert is that of the effect on exchange, on stability, of the transfer of sums such as have been contemplated, even if they are collectable. Even should this particular problem prove insoluble in the manner contemplated when the plan became operative, it may not then be said that the Dawes Plan will have failed; its major purpose, reduction of distrust and hostility by coöperation in finding a way out, will nevertheless have been achieved in measurable degree.

It may be said that the principal, if not the sole function of Americans connected with the reparations problem, from "unofficial observers" to "the Citizen of the United States of America, member of the Reparations Committee by virtue of the Inter-Allied Agreement of August 30, 1924," has been to act as a solvent of the differences within the commission itself as well as of the mutual antipathies and distrusts between the still hostile parties concerned. It is not out of place to note that we, and the European nations concerned, have been peculiarly fortunate in the type of Americans drawn into this problem. One hears regret that they have changed so frequently. To my mind, it is of the highest value to both the United States and Europe to have as many Americans understand the inner workings of "open diplomacy" as is consistent with continuity and efficiency. We are prone to form our conclusions from what others have written (as Hilaire Belloc says, "from over-worked men who can get all they want

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out of other professors' books and who only have to teach young people who generally possess not the least reading"). Our relative isolation makes it difficult to do otherwise. Our weakness lies in positive assertion based only on second- and third-hand presentation, without the sensitiveness to inner meaning, to the psychology of nations and of individuals which only long personal contact can give—contact certainly made more intimate by reasonable fluency in the languages in which national thought and feeling are expressed.

The operation of the Dawes Plan may now be counted as successful, though some of the major problems are still unsolved. It has made possible the further step in reconstruction provided by the nine documents initialed at Locarno last October and signed at London on December 1, 1925. Not only do these agreements eliminate as far as is now humanly possible a principal secular irritation among European nations —the Rhine; not only do they introduce a system of settling among the group of nations concerned, all their disputes in future by arbitration and such other means as are provided by the League of Nations; much more important, they restore to Europe a principle which was the basis of Christendom in "the dark ages," when Christian Europe looked upon itself as a family of nations in which the Pope, as spiritual father, should arbitrate differences; the principle, as Herr Stresemann said at Locarno, "of a European idea"; of each citizen, good German, good Frenchman, good Englishman, each a good member of his own nation, "each one also a citizen of Europe, linked together by the great conception of civilization which imbues our continent"; the principle of a common European interest, and the desire of states "inspired by peaceful intentions to introduce into their relations a spirit of confidence, good faith, and good will."

The ground covered in six years becomes plain by contrasting this statement of the responsible statesmen gathered at Locarno, each of whom emphasized the desire of his own people for this result, with that quotation I have taken above from President Wilson, used by the Allies in a reply to the "Comments by the German Delegation on the Conditions of Peace": "The reason why peace must be guaranteed is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy."

With such positive advance in European unity, certain further problems are less alarming than they would have been. There is no doubt that European unity will have its effect on Russia; there is equally no doubt that European unity will have its effect upon the United States. It is inconceivable that having put forth every effort to effect this very end, Washington statesmen should not be well aware of the implications of the end achieved.

One of these problems affecting the United States directly is what may well be called the determination of Europe to lock and weld reparations and war debts in the very manner that President Wilson undertook to do with regard to the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. In European minds, debt settlements are already inextricably tied to reparations, and both are bound up with a continued participation in European affairs by the United States. How to cancel has superseded, in urgency of appeal, how to collect from Germany. That need not fill America with apprehension. When men sit down in a quiet corner to find a way out of a situation, and their constituencies, in the distance, demand of them that they find it, they will find it.

There are, it is to be noted, many Europeans of intelligence who believe that America's enormous and ever increasing commitments in Germany point the way out; so high is the valuation which they place upon America's financial genius and resources that to them a funding of the reparations engineered in the United States is not inconceivable, carrying with it a practical cancellation of war debts—or rather, a bookkeeping transaction having that ostensible effect. They look to Germany and to France to produce the situation which would focus the attention of voters on the need for immediate action—not in bad faith, but inevitably, as the unavoidable result of ill-conceived reparations demands. They see no way in which the United States can avoid the issue—and here there is matter for thought in President Coolidge's recent remarks upon the Senate's attitude to the Italian debt-funding agreement.

There is no reason to suppose that either Washington or those private citizens upon whom would devolve the "expert" leadership in that event, are blind to that issue. It is easier to believe (particularly since the record points that way) that facing it from the beginning, they have put forth every effort to assist in reconstructing a Europe with which it is possible to deal on the grand scale required by the solution of problems of such unprecedented magnitude. To this stage, from which it is possible to envisage a real advance, the agreements of Locarno, the definite "spirit of Locarno" have laid the foundation.

United Europe, it is clear, has no desire to do without America. Quite naturally many Europeans do not wish to be dominated by America or by any other national power. Whether the "European idea," the idea of a Europe with a common interest, a common ideal, and a common sense of justice and generosity can be translated into fact without the continuing coöperation of the United States, is doubtful to many in Europe, and to some here. I am not sure that it is not equally doubtful to some of those American statesmen who have acquiesced in the spirit of isolation forced upon them by an apparent popular opinion. The more credit to them for having made so much of solid achievement against such odds.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

HIS THRONE A CATAFALQUE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial in The Commonweal for March 3 on the death of Archbishop Cieplax is food for Lenten meditation.

And it suggests another thought: how curiously the world measures heroism. What a contrast to the passing of the great Mercier, as the world hoped and waited, and then in reverence bowed its head. His requiem was heard the world over.

The public press must have considered it undiplomatic for Death's ambassador to present his credentials in a place so prosaic as Passaic, New Jersey.

Both were heroes in the fight for principle—one on the spectacular battle field of nations, the other on a tragic battle field of faith.

Does history yield a more dramatic story than the entry into Vilna? Was ever bishop inducted to his Cathedral in a coffin, as a carriage of state, to find his throne a catafalque?

The funeral dirge voicing its sorrow and regret, as the shepherd comes to the flock he never guarded, will have triumph for its theme.

REV. PETER MORAN.

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THE PLAY

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

(*Mr. R. Dana Skinner will resume the conduct of this department next week.—The Editors.*)

The Trouper

THERE were a few minutes, all too brief, last week at the Fifty-Second Street Theatre when one loved to think, with a sensible thrill and a forgetfulness of past disappointments, that the big, hundred-percent American drama was in course of incubation before one's eyes, and that the skill and honesty which had assembled the materials of native drama would not be content to employ them to the purposes of mere entertainment. The sealed parlor with its shabby furniture, enlarged photographs, ostentatious Bible, and view upon the one stupid village street—the lantern-jawed deacon with his acrid, ubiquitous wife, the dreamy romantic child (her drawer full of post-cards sent her from the capitals of the great world by an outlawed father whose name must never be mentioned!)—what elements of authentic drama lurked here!

Once again, native good-humor, native dislike for intimate tragedy, native preference for solutions that leave belief in the essential rightness of human nature unshaken, native love for the situation and mistrust of the sermon, cheat us as they have cheated us a score of times before. With the irruption of a group of Thespians from the great city, the ominous mise-en-scène of the first act takes its consecrated place in the familiar sphere of the dryly humorous. Even the terrible deacon stands revealed as a furtive and clandestine crap-shooter. There is a nice clean-cut boy for the nice sunny girl, a situation behind the scenes at the "Opery House" of that thrilling order where the under-dog gets definitely and decisively on top and the nice girl saves the show apparently through sheer force of inherited talent. The play moves to its predestined end, through what is, it must be admitted, a great deal of enjoyable and uproarious incident. But even the high-spirited kick against the obvious, upon which the last curtain falls, does not save us from disappointment that a play which promised distinction ended in commonplace.

Practically all the parts in The Trouper are cast in character, and when an American company of professional actors and actresses play character together, it is an ungrateful task to pick out the best—all are so good. Mr. J. C. Nugent, as Larry Gilbert, carries most of the burden on his shoulders. His Larry Gilbert is a man who, through a long life of ill-success, has achieved a stoical philosophy all his own, and who covers a tender and wounded spirit with a grim acceptance of things as they are that is in strong contrast with the rant and bounce, the tawdry pretense of his fellow Thespians. Ruth Nugent has little to do save register the breathless sweetness of unspoiled youth, but a word must surely be said for the vivid interpretation of Deacon Millett by Carleton Macy.

Over and over again the playgoer finds himself faced with one or another of these characterizations—compact, flawless, studied to the least gesture and intonation. What becomes of these splendid utility men of the American stage, whose equal, it seems at least to one critic, any other would be hard put to show? Why does headline success come their way so seldom? Or, as in the case of Frank Bacon, the creator of Lightnin', come their way so late? Is their very versatility and accessibility helping to depress the native stage, by keeping it within the margins of the constructed plot and regional characterization which they can be so depended on to fill? It is at least an interesting surmise!

East Lynne

AN aphorism by William Winter on the front page of the East Lynne playbill, informs us that the venerable melodrama has induced "more tears than the Civil War." Among last week's audience withers were unwrung, and ducts did not function. But neither did the laughter approach even remotely the volume that greeted that incredible monument of imbecility, Fashion, revived two seasons ago.

The fact is that East Lynne, for all the pains lavished by the Provincetown Players on scenery, dresses, and direction to lift it into the sphere of extravaganza, keeps too near sentiments not altogether outgrown to be a successful vehicle for ridicule. Its humors are documentary ones, like Godey fashion plates or Peele's Popular Educator. It reaches us from a day when pathos was primitive (as humor has remained). It presented its symbols with a happy confidence that they would find general acceptance and awaken emotions which can now be aroused only by a cautious approach and by obliterating every trace of the obvious. But to the thoughtful mind it is, even today, no funnier than a bad sermon or a "good" advertisement, or any of the hundred odd reactions contingent upon a sharp difference in mental age. It would be an interesting experiment to revive the hoary drama au serieux, with straight acting and respectful mise-en-scène, and to watch the result. Even last week, a suspicion was in the air that, undirected by the fuglemen of laughter, some at least of the audience might have taken East Lynne as seriously as their grandparents.

The extravaganza is acted by a very clever cast, indeed, whose relish of their own clowning never fails to communicate itself. In spite of the overlay of burlesque, Mary Blair's Lady Isabel insists on retaining a quaint vestige of pathos, like a pretty face in a cracked mirror. Archibald Fleming's rendering of the virtuous and uxorious solicitor is desperate in its ligneous quality, and reprobation is broadly featured by Stanley Howlett, whom it was the pleasing custom of the archaeologically-minded among the audience to hiss at fitting levels of villainy. The entr'acte songs of the period, sung with convulsive sincerity by Louise Bradley, were a feature.

In his settings, Cleon Throckmorton has raised ugliness to a kind of essential sublimity. Strange figures, indelibly associated in the public mind with secular hair revivers, antediluvian cough elixirs, prehistoric balsams, and perennial pills descend from dusty shelves in archaic drug-stores and strut their little hour upon the stage. What an ankylosis in those wooden gestures! What spectral hollowness in those fly-blown courtesies! What rich pasturage for moths in these lank cerements! Like the rustic who, gazing upon the giraffe, refused to credit the existence of any such "animile," we ask ourselves whether it be possible that in such disguise the fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers who begot us, lived and loved. Or did they spend the dark night of the 'seventies and 'eighties watching for the dawn of an age when, from corsets and courtesy alike, their children should be free?

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BOOKS

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House, arranged as a narrative by Charles Seymour. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Two volumes, $10.00.

IMPRESSIONS will crowd the mind of every reader of these significant volumes. Granted that Colonel House kept frank and exact date of his activities during the period when he was, in Wilson's phrase, the President's "other self," and this is now fully established, his revelations were bound to be of the first importance. Not only was his correspondence ample and full of meaning, but beginning September 25, 1912, he dictated to his secretary every evening a record of the developments of the day which had come directly under his exceptionally keen observation.

For the first time the volumes give, in a fairly complete setting, the story of his effort in the spring of 1914, with Wilson's full backing, to avert the armed clash of millions which close observers, such as himself, felt to be impending in Europe. Viscount Grey, in his Twenty-Five Years, has given a peep at this dare-devil attempt to cool the rapidly mounting war fever in Europe; and Hendrick, in The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, has given more than a peep. It has remained for House to disclose the exact measure of what Wilson wished, tried to bring about, and gave up as a forlorn hope when the Sarajevo murder sent the hot blood leaping anew in the veins of the militaristic powers.

Colonel House's secret interview with the Kaiser on June 1 of the year 1914, from which even the ministers of that monarch, palpitating with curiosity, were excluded, was no mere gesture. He was commissioned by the will of the President, but not by any official document with a seal, to persuade Great Britain and Germany to work with the United States for the peace of the world, and to agree to limit naval armaments as a first practical step. His object, as he wrote to Wilson, was to achieve a coup "to the everlasting glory of your administration and our American civilization."

The Kaiser was cordial, even acquiescent in parley, but noncommittal in fact until Colonel House could convey to him word of what Great Britain would do. Grey, in the London Foreign Office, was sympathetic, but somewhat incredulous. The adventure, it is evident, was scarcely less than Quixotic, but distinct progress had been made in the preliminaries—the easiest part of the plan—when the Austro-Serb involvement let loose the mad ambitions of the militarists.

There was a vein of loose speaking in the Kaiser's remark to George Sylvester Viereck, at Doorn, years later, that "the visit of Colonel House to Berlin and London in the spring of 1914 almost prevented the world war." Yet even any move to lay hands on the finely-spun web of intrigue on whose frail structure the peace of Europe rested by the device of the balance of power, and to propose with the weight of American initiative a direct method of turning the vista from war to peace, was a victory in itself.

Failure as a peace emissary, when European chancelleries were waiting fatalistically for the war to come, did not crush the spirit of Colonel House. These volumes make plain the complete perspective of the offer by Wilson to the Allies in the spring of 1916—that if Germany would not agree to a peace conference on the basis of the terms outlined in the House-Grey memorandum (Alsace and Lorraine to France, Constantinople to Russia, the restoration of Belgium, and demilitarization all around) the United States would enter the war on the side of the Allies. It is clear from House's papers now printed that Germany would have refused these conditions, and thus America might have entered the war nearly a year before she actually did so if the Allies had accepted the tender.

Large in the view of historians in the future must be the question: "Why did America enter the war?" Was Wilson bent on siding with the Allies from the first, and did he merely delay the decisive stroke until he could coalesce the opinion of the West and, in general, the hinterland far removed from the pro-Ally Northeast? If the version supported by documentation in the House papers is to be accepted, Wilson's personal sympathies were strongly on the side of the Allies early in the war, but he felt with equal conviction that he must keep America out. He had fits of vacillation. In 1916, when the Allies found obstacles to accepting his peace offer, there came over him a revulsion of feeling because of Great Britain's attitude on the question of contraband, and for a time he was decidedly anti-Ally, though not pro-German.

The Berlin declaration of ruthless submarine war, and that alone, it would appear from the House papers, shook him from this position; and when Germany undertook to play the rôle of traffic officer of the seas his burning indignation at the curb on American rights produced the quick decision that the time for action had come.

Indeed, Wilson's resentment in 1916 over the British restrictions on trade might have led to serious complications with the Allies, had not Colonel House's unofficial relations with Grey, Balfour, and other statesmen been highly serviceable in smoothing out the irritation felt in London. There seems to have been no doubt in the minds of these shrewd Britishers that House was the really authorized representative of the President in dealing with them. Page's voice was the voice of Page; but House spoke almost with the finality of a note from the White House.

House did his best to obtain a compromise between the German submarine campaign and the British food blockade, and the pages prepared by Professor Seymour show the importance of that project in the general scheme of things. It is disclosed that House received an intimation from Grey that the British would give up the food blockade if Germany would abandon ruthless submarine war and the use of poison gas. Germany blocked the effort when House presented his plan to Berlin through Ambassador Gerard.

If it were not for the overshadowing value of the evidence in these papers which bears on the European war, the setting forth of the history of Wilson's undertaking to form a Pan-American compact in 1914 would appear of large import in an appraisement of these two volumes. The compact that was sought for all America was strikingly similar to Article X of the League of Nations covenant, and was, in all probability, the germ of Wilson's League policy. His thought, conceived cis-Atlantically, became trans-Atlantic by the inertia of stirring events.

The papers now made available to the public extend only up to the entrance of America into the war. There is, of course, much more to tell, and further volumes may be awaited with expectations keyed up by this foretaste of what will ultimately be one of the most illuminating historical searchlights turned on the recent years when the civilized world was in travail.

It would be stating a truism to say that House, like any other man who was close to Wilson during that period, may

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have overvalued the potency of his advice and help when the actual decisions had to be made by the President. He could not know, despite his acute power of comprehension, all that was in the mind of the often secretive Wilson, which was a sensitized plate for receiving the impressions of no small number of advisers, despite his almost shy aloofness exhibited to many others. When House advised the appointment of Page to London, and actually notified Page of it by addressing him as "Your Excellency" in a telephone conversation, he was not aware, perhaps, as to the influence of the opinions of others besides himself in shaping Wilson's resolve. Individual testimony must always be discounted and compared with contributions on the same subject from different sources, but apparently not especially so in the case of the testimony of Colonel House.

House's estimate of the war President is, on the whole, eulogistic. While he says that the nation was fortunate "to have a Woodrow Wilson to lead it through dark and tempestuous days," he records his view that his chief sometimes "dodged trouble," and showed a "penchant for inaction," and that he was at first "singularly lacking in appreciation of the importance of the European crisis" (September 28, 1914). Further volumes may be counted on to show the development of the "break" between Wilson and House in 1919.

It is fortunate for the reader, and for the truth of history, that Professor Seymour should have been chosen to prepare the House data for publication. A rare sense of values is shown in the selection of the papers, and the interpretative comment which binds them together is clear, compact, illuminating, and thoroughly interesting. A biographical sketch of House in the beginning of the first volume deftly links his personality and background with the larger work he did in his ripe years. Professor Seymour has gone, seemingly, as far as human nature can go in preserving a sense of detachment and poise in the impartial performance of his task. The story is fascinating for the general reader, and doubly so for the historian.

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Francesco Petrarca, by Edward H. R. Tatham. London: The Shelton Press. $6.00.

THROUGH Petrarch (1304-1374) "the first modern man of letters," we may, in spite of the warning of Dr. Saintsbury, make a fair study of the middle-ages—as Canon Tatham declares Petrarch "illustrates ancient times by his whole-souled devotion to their study; and modern, by the prophetic spirit which heralded their advent; while he illuminates the gulf between the two by his contact with it in the flesh. He thus constitutes a link between two widely parted civilizations; and his firm belief in revealed truth distinguishes him from many of his successors in the later renaissance." Students of Petrarch will agree with this summing-up of the fourteenth-century poet.

Canon Tatham gives a gracious acknowledgment to the pre-eminence of America in the possession of the Petrarch Library of Cornell University, collected by the late Willard Fiske, and in the writings of J. H. Robinson, H. W. Rolfe, and M. A. Potter.

Involved in the history of Petrarch is a statement regarding the conditions of his own times, in which he himself regretted that he lived; and Canon Tatham, the author, a prebend of Lincoln Cathedral, attempts to outline the papal policies during the Avignon period, the conditions at Montpellier and Bologna, and the biography of the poet's earlier days—much of the latter naturally being based on nothing more than supposition.

We are on surer ground when Canon Tatham comes to a study of Petrarch's literary forebears and his debt to the troubadours.

He felt a strong repugnance to the mysticism of the older school—it was too transcendental for his cast of mind, too scientific for his artistic sense. He sought and found, as John Adington Symonds truly says, a via media between the conventional passion of the troubadours and the ideal love of the "stil nuovo." For him, love has always "its life in feeling, and its root in sense."

Canon Tatham gives us, in Who Was Laura? an illuminating study. He admits that we do not really know who she was, insists that she was actually named Laura, and for the explanation of the mystery he leans toward the belief that she was a married woman and could hardly accept publicly the platonic devotion of her poet. The hopelessness and distance of his affection, the wealth of imagery with which, for over twenty years, he continued to treat his affection for her, created a tradition among the Latin, Italian, and Spanish poets (many of them sonneteers) that resulted in those devotions to ideal ladies, in the fashion "a Petrarca," of which a great exemplar was that of the Spanish poet, Herrera, for the remote Countess of Gelves.

The study devoted to the Canzoniere is able and highly judicious. Canon Tatham is too cautious to commit himself absolutely to any of the schools that wage war in Italy and France regarding the actuality of the events related in the sonnets and canzoni, but contents himself with placing before us the findings of the best critics and scholars.

The author outlines the character of Petrarch as that of a lonely man who sought distraction in travel. He was highly affectionate and sympathetic, a "clubable" man, whose "personal magnetism," says Henry Cochin, "still survives. He is to this day a cementer of friendship between his admirers, as he was in his lifetime."

THOMAS WALSH.

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In Praise of North Wales, by A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THOSE who have gathered impressions of romantic Wales from such fanciful accounts as Mr. Arthur Machen contributes to literature, may still be puzzled to know the precise character of the landscape to the east of Carnarvon Bay. The Welsh names for everything date back to the era when Arthur was king, with a race of poets for his retainers; but that does not make them easier to pronounce or to visualize with their trappings.

Therefore, Mr. Bradley's new book will be for many a very pleasant revelation. He takes you through the vale of Llangollen, because that "is beyond all question the best gateway into North Wales for a first, or indeed for any pilgrimage, through that glorious region." The glory is of mountain peaks and green valleys—of historic memories and castle ruins—all scarcely modified by up-to-dateness. Many a person who, like Charles Lamb, has a passion for antiquities, will enjoy this statement: "I was surprised on returning to Wales in these post-war years to find the old home-staying instinct among the youth of the country people so little shaken. Life has returned very much to its old grooves. There are perhaps more local Eisteddfods and more sheep-dog trials, more village concerts and acting of Welsh plays, and more football than of old." And so, undismayed, you can, if the spirit of adventure is in you, take Mr. Bradley for a guide to Llanrhaiadr and its waterfall, to the crags and waves at Snowden, and finally to great Carnarvon itself.

Mr. Bradley has a delightful feeling for the value of lore. Who that travels well is wholly without it? One learns from him ever so many queer and bracing things about old poets, soldiers and scenes of battle, abbeys and the destructive fires of the Reform. It is true that he is far too generous with his adjectives, and more than once wastes a long breath over vistas that could more pleasurably be swallowed with a gulp. But the whole book is a very good book, by a man who has fished in the streams he loves and shaken hands with the people whose guest he has enjoyed being. Those who plan on seeing the Berwyns for themselves will find here a canny and tactful guide; others will "be taught to open the inward eye to many a beautiful thing." Finally, the prospective owner will be glad to know that the otherwise attractive book is becomingly illustrated.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Witch Girl, by Gertrude Callaghan. New York: Blue Faun Publications. $1.50.

THERE are two poems in Miss Callaghan's Witch Girl, which seem to illustrate her most salient qualities. One is:

"I will break my fast,
I who lived with snows—
Lay me a repast
Of heat that glows . . .

I who played the clown
Climbing to the stars,
Met one coming down,
White with scars."

This is the spirit of tempered daring in her poems—the trembling, singing note of her spirit. The other poem, entitled Older Poets, begins and ends with the following quatrains:

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Write for descriptive, illustrated booklet K.

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"I like to listen to the older poets,
It seems that they have found some higher thing
Than new and modern poets who are singing
With scarcely thoughts to sing . . .

They pour their liquid, silver notes, not caring
Who hears them—they know not otherwise to do—
While those who listen raise their faces skyward
To see a rift of blue."

This feeling for the past, joined with strong aspiration for the future, assures the sympathetic permanence of Miss Callaghan's muse. Her sincerity of expression reduces rhetoric to almost the vanishing point, and shows that she has well pondered the old and nowadays rather neglected axiom—Ars est celare artem.

T. W.

The Lady of the Abbey, by George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

THIS book is a merry satire calculated to awaken the most drowsy of mortals. Its kernel consists of the following idea: Karnonia, a fictitious kingdom, incorporated after the war into Jugo-Slavia, has lost its king but has in exile, a queen, who is the daughter of an American millionaire. Besides her millions, the said queen has a partisan in Montgomery, an alert Irishman, and calculated with the help of the inimitable Count Imré and the Baron, to produce one more revolution. A lady abbess who owns a rocky island where arms can be concealed, aids and abets Montgomery and his party to the best of her ability. Then, being a true-hearted pacifist, she suddenly shatters all their plans. A rare character with a tone of her own, she constitutes the best episode in the book, and Count Imré is a close second. The quality of the tale is decidedly heady and gay, and like all excellent fantasy, bears its readers along in a boat whose sails puff out with the wind of its imaginings. All present enjoy a good time—none more, we are sure, than the writer who can indulge successfully in something so far from "material realism." As the old, down-country carpenter once remarked of story-tellers—"Some can spin."

LAURA BENÉT.

The Microcosm, a quarterly issued in Yorkshire, England, on behalf of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, maintains in its last number the high standard of the earlier issues. The editing of Dorothy Una Ratcliffe is a model for our publishers of special journals, showing how her chosen field can be illuminated by the variety of her table of contents, her studies in Yorkshire folklore, gardens, drama, and the illustrations of a highly artistic character of bird life, some of which include The Grey Crow, and The Lapwings.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Our favorite corner was as quiet as usual but a slight pulsation of the atmosphere indicated unusual excitement. It transpired that Doctor Angelicus had received some personal communications from officials of the government and that an answer of some sort was necessary. It seems that the Collector of Internal Revenue had instituted certain inquiries into the income of our venerable Doctor, called in to question his standing as a rentier, speculator, and investor, and had even entered upon moral grounds to question his contributions to the maintenance of dependents and his generosity to institutes of church and state.

Hurt to the heart, the protests and gestures of revolt, the confusion of the Doctor's mind, nimble enough in purely intellectual problems and distinctions, were painful to observe. Even Tittivillus hurried to his side, telling him to sign here, to subtract there, and figuring out the difference between 2 and 1½ percent.

"The outrage of this!" he exclaimed. "I, who have lived to see all my classmates accumulate millions—sacrificing myself to the high ideals of art and intellect—deserving the crowns, pensions, and palms which I might surely claim if I lived in ancient Greece, or Spain, or France—find myself penalized with the general public and my hard-earned money extracted, under threats of fine, punishment, and moral torment, to be sent to a mysterious person in the Customs House, without hope of any acknowledgment, thanks, or recognition which such a favor would seem to demand."

"You are only doing your duty as a citizen, Doctor," explained Miss Anonymoncule.

"They are asking me to over-do that duty, I think," replied Angelicus. "By the mail last week I received a splendid bill from my dentist, directing me also to visit his X-ray confrères. They report that my roots are intact and pass me on tomorrow to the thyroid experts. If somebody would only tell me that there is nothing the matter with me, I should be glad to settle my bills and continue in the good old ways."

❧ ❧ ❧

"Your difficulty brings back the memory of my dear dead cousin, John Payne," added Primus Criticus. "Let me read the letter his old school-friend, G. C. Heseltine of England, has sent me narrating poor John's world-wide search for health that ended so sadly. The easy progression from bad to worse was never presented more clearly than in Heseltine's account of Cousin John's last days, which he describes in the following manner:

" 'You ought to see an oculist,' said the village doctor, absent-mindedly. And then, as if getting to business—'Had any swarms this year?'

"John Payne controlled his indignation and fell to the talk about bees. At the same time he made a firm resolve against bee-mad doctors. He would go to a specialist in future, even if it broke him. The eye-specialist put dummy spectacles on him and inserted a lens.

" 'Z—T—U—,' began John. Here, evidently, was a man who knew his job.

" 'How old are you?'

" 'Thirty,' replied John. 'R—N—.'

" 'Did you ever stammer?'

" 'No.'

" 'Any of your family left-handed?'

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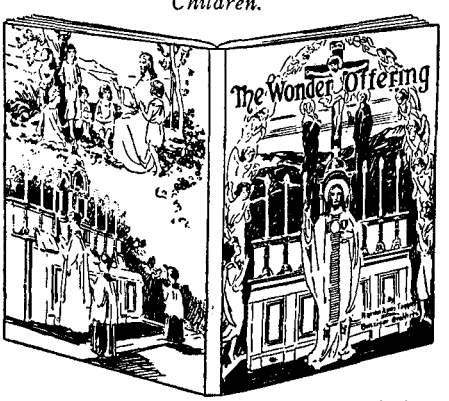

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"'No!' John tried to look at the specialist's face. He was beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable. 'K—Q—Z—,' he continued.

"'That will do, thank you,' cut in the expert, briskly. 'There is nothing much wrong with your eyes. You are overworked. Let me ask you—have you ever been treated for your nerves?'

"'No,' replied his puzzled victim.

"'See a nerve specialist—you don't need spectacles.'

"As John Payne left, he paid his two guineas for the consultation with as virtuous a feeling as if he had put it into the Poor Box.

"The nerve specialist looked keenly at his patient.

"'Headaches and tired eyes at night,' he repeated musingly after John, and scribbled hieroglyphics on a tablet. 'You will take this medicine before meals and you must consult a psychoanalyst. Your case is a very complex one.'

"Mystified, John then made mentally for the 'nth time his act of faith in the infallibility of scientists. Since he did not understand, he had no alternative but to believe. The specialist ought to know!

"'There are not many good psychoanalysts in this country. Go to Professor St. Fairien, in Paris. He's one of the best,' advised the specialist, opening the door. Outside, John felt for his check-book.

"After an hour in the professor's consulting room, John Payne had told more than he ever knew of his life history, and that of several other people—real and imaginary—who had impinged on his subconscious.

"'Your case,' said the professor slowly, 'requires very careful treatment. I only deal with ego-complexes. For the rest you must go to my friend, Professor Beuzel in Vienna. He will put you right.'

"John shouldered another financial burden as he left the clinic. He staggered out like a dying man. He had no idea there was so much wrong with him, but he knew now. He must see this thing through or go mad—or both, he thought. Life was becoming unbearable. . .

"Herr Professor Beuzel looked at the cowering figure in the chair in his consulting room. John winced and trembled.

"'You say your eyes are tired and you cannot read at night? Where do you feel the headache?' he asked.

"The sick man drew an unsteady finger across the part of his forehead where he vaguely thought that the headache used to lie.

"'H'm!' commented the learned man sagely. 'Are you married?'

"'Yes,' came the slow, hollow response.

"'H'm'—observed the professor. 'A difficult case, but not impossible. Come and see me tomorrow, and in the meantime,' he added, as an afterthought, 'you—' . . .

"'Death was undoubtedly due,' said the professor, at the inquest, 'to an entirely new and hitherto unknown phobia which I shall not investigate. Its nature is obscure, but its outward manifestation appears to be connected with a fear of eye-specialists; for Mr. Payne gave a loud shriek and expired immediately after I had uttered the words—'You ought to see an oculist.'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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